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INDIA

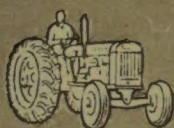
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REAL pink gin is best prepared with PLYMOUTH GIN.

Whenever, wherever, however,
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old-time standards when you call for

PLYMOUTH GIN

BOTTLE 33/9 • HALF BOTTLE 17/7 • QTR. BOTTLE 9/2 • MINIATURE 3/7 • U.K. ONLY.

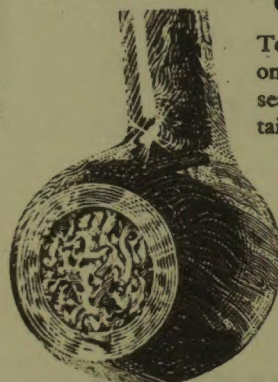


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To open, simply remove
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Unfailingly fresh

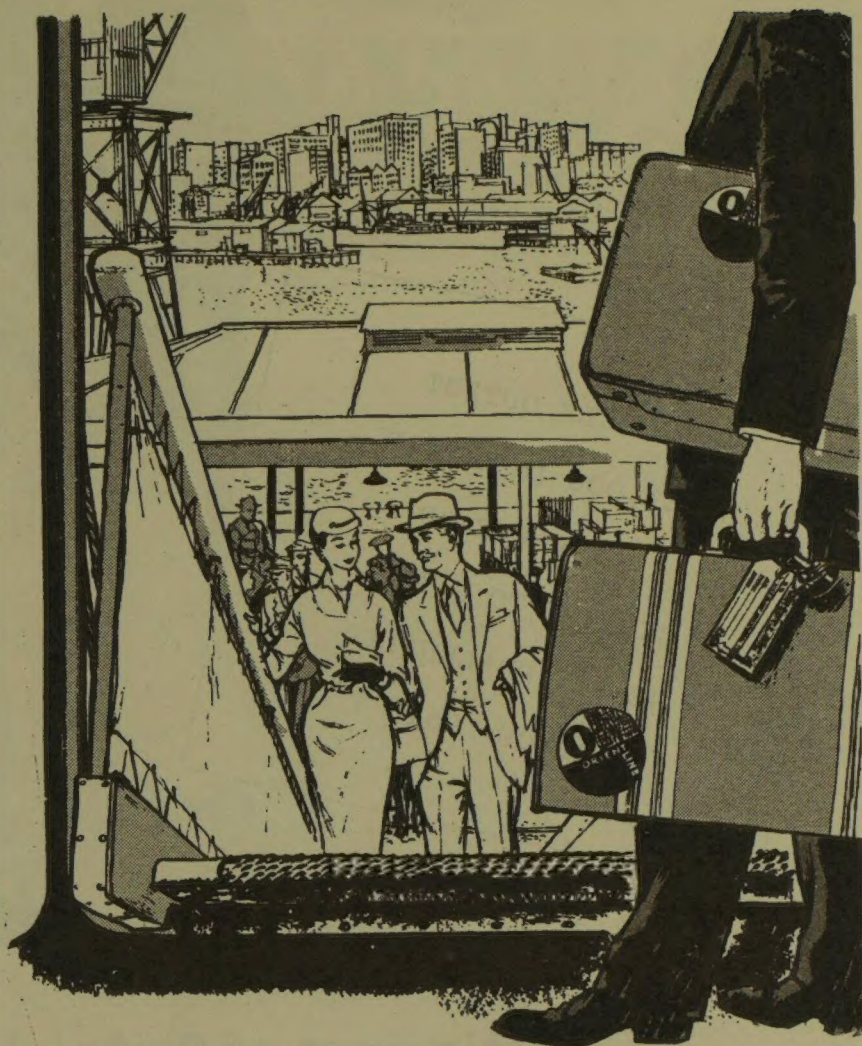
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sealed, which means that absolute freshness is re-
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**PLAYER'S
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'The choice for a lifetime'

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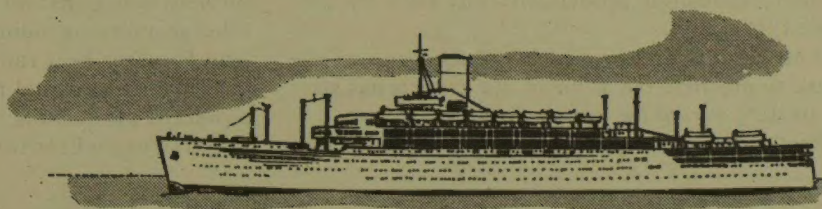


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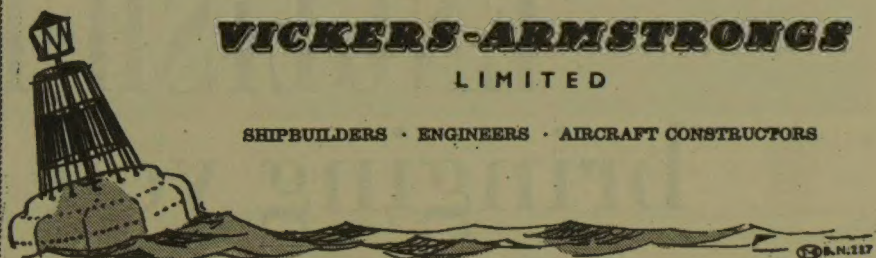
The 'Orcades' was built by Vickers-Armstrongs at Barrow-in-Furness. Its success derives from a combination of modern technique, with a heritage of sound craftsmanship, which is the unchanging characteristic of Vickers-Armstrongs.

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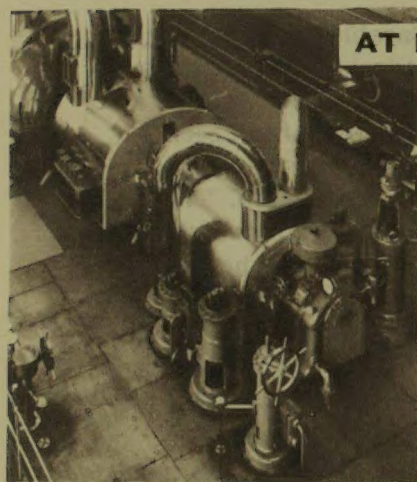
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3,421,000 IN A YEAR—
AND VALUE OF
EXPORTS TO U.S.A.
NEARLY QUADRUPLED
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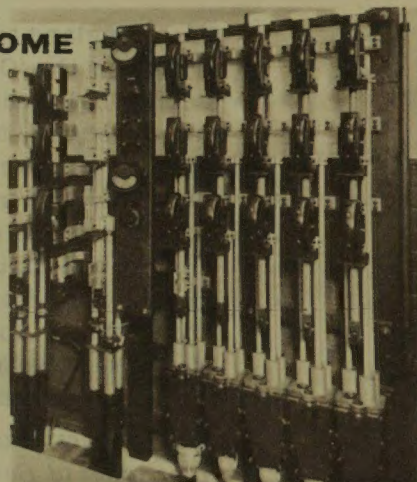


...it's part of Britain's progress, to which
The English Electric Company contributes at home *and abroad*...



AT HOME

POWER FOR INDUSTRY. This ENGLISH ELECTRIC 60,000-h.p. steam-turbine generating set is one of three supplied to a power station in Yorkshire, helping to provide power for important industries.



POWER IN INDUSTRY. This ENGLISH ELECTRIC fusegear at Raleigh Industries Ltd., Nottingham, safeguards the supply of current used in bicycle manufacture. Most modern industrial machines are electrically driven.



ABROAD

EARNING MONEY OVERSEAS. An ENGLISH ELECTRIC turbo-alternator stator frame for a Canadian power station is loaded at Liverpool. Such exports, all over the world, earn both hard and soft currencies for Britain.



DEVELOPING MARKETS OVERSEAS. First of seven electric locomotives supplied by ENGLISH ELECTRIC for heavy service between Bombay and Poona. Developments abroad help to enlarge the market for British goods.

BRITAIN is making steady economic progress—*as is shown by our homes and shops, our factories and the traffic on our roads.*

There are goods in plenty now for the home market. Britain's industrial productivity has risen by 20% since 1949.

And Britain is *exporting* in plenty, too—as she must, to prosper. The value of our exports has gone up by 42% during the last six years.

Production needs power. Total electricity output

has risen by more than 60% over the last seven years. Since 1948 the Central Electricity Authority has brought into commission 50 new power stations—many of them equipped with ENGLISH ELECTRIC turbines and generators and with transformers and other gear for controlling and distributing the current. And ENGLISH ELECTRIC has provided industry with much of the electrical plant by which it utilizes this power for production.

The ENGLISH ELECTRIC Company is also a vigorous

exporter—of equipment and of technical skill. Now, *about half the Group's business is overseas*—earning for Britain not only foreign currency, but a reputation that helps *all* British exports.

Dealing with problems of every kind throughout the world, ENGLISH ELECTRIC acquires an ever-growing fund of *experience* . . . with which to solve further problems. In this way the Company guides its great resources in their important contribution to Britain's economic progress.

'ENGLISH ELECTRIC'

bringing you better living



The English Electric Company Limited, Queens House, Kingsway, London, W.C.2

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SATURDAY, AUGUST 13, 1955.

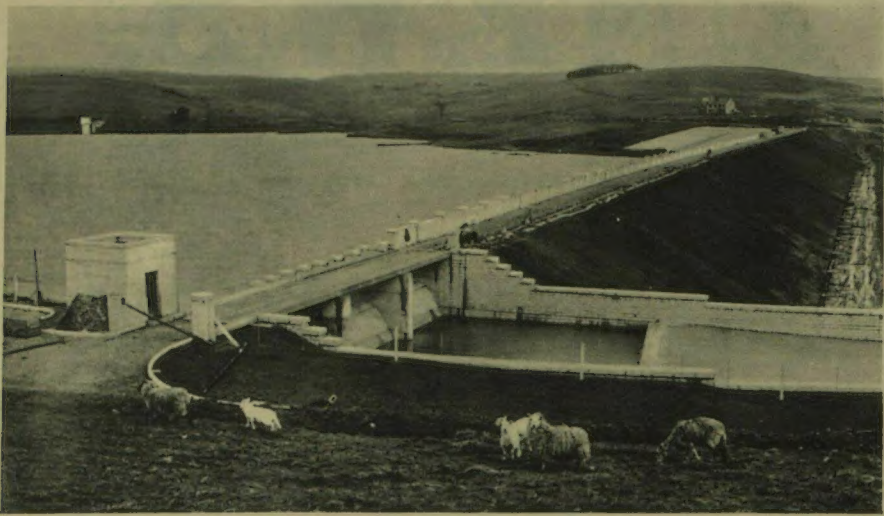


THE ROYAL VISIT TO THE NATIONAL SHRINE OF WALES: THE QUEEN LEAVING THE WEST DOOR OF ST. DAVID'S CATHEDRAL WITH THE DEAN, THE VERY REV. C. WHITTON-DAVIES, FOLLOWED BY THE DUKE (L.).

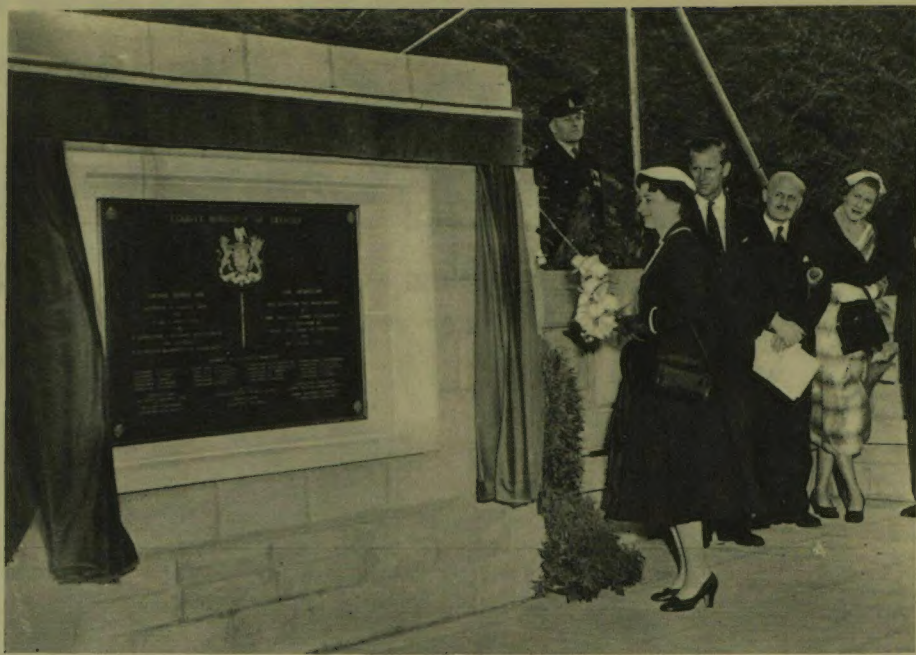
On August 7 the Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh attended morning service in St. David's Cathedral, this being believed to be the first visit of a ruling Sovereign since 1284. The last recorded visit was by Edward I. In our last week's issue we illustrated the stall assigned to the Monarch more than 400 years

ago, but never before used or, indeed, seen by a ruling Sovereign of this country. The Queen did not occupy it during the service, as it is somewhat removed from the nave, but she sat in it during a subsequent tour of the Cathedral. The Duke of Edinburgh read the second lesson.

THE ROYAL TOUR OF WALES: THE QUEEN AT TRECASTLE AND BRECON ON THE OPENING DAY.



INAUGURATED BY THE QUEEN: THE USK RESERVOIR OF THE SWANSEA CORPORATION AT TRECASTLE, CARMARTHEN, WHICH TOOK FIVE YEARS TO COMPLETE.



UNVEILING A PLAQUE MARKING THE INAUGURATION OF THE RESERVOIR: THE QUEEN AT TRECASTLE ON THE OPENING DAY OF HER TOUR OF WALES.

THE Royal three-day tour of Wales opened on August 6 in the town of Brecon, where the Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh paid a three-hour visit to the bicentenary show of the Brecknockshire Agricultural Society. The Royal visitors then droyed on to Trecastle, where the Queen inaugurated Swansea Corporation's new reservoir. The reservoir, which took five years to complete and cost £3,000,000, has a 1400-ft. dam and a capacity of more than 2,000,000,000 gallons. The Queen unveiled a plaque and pressed an electric switch in the control tower which opened valves releasing water from the reservoir to the supply mains. After a visit to Haverfordwest, the Queen and the Duke spent the night aboard the Royal yacht at Milford Haven. On Sunday, August 7, the Queen and the Duke attended morning service at St. David's Cathedral, an event which is described elsewhere in this issue. In the afternoon the Queen and the Duke, with their children, and Prince Michael of Kent and Princess Andrew of Greece, had a family picnic at Lindsay Bay, on the north bank of Milford Haven. Later in the evening the Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh left for Aberystwyth where, on August 8, they visited the Welsh plant breeding station and the Queen opened the new buildings of the National Library of Wales.



AT THE BRECKNOCKSHIRE AGRICULTURAL SOCIETY'S SHOW ON AUGUST 6: HER MAJESTY WATCHING A DEMONSTRATION OF CRAFTS BY YOUNG FARMERS DURING HER VISIT. IT WAS THE SOCIETY'S BICENTENARY SHOW.



AT HAVERFORDWEST, WHERE SHE LEFT THE ROYAL TRAIN TO DRIVE THROUGH THE TOWN: THE QUEEN INSPECTING THE GUARD OF HONOUR OF THE 1ST BATTALION WELSH REGIMENT.



PRESENTING A CUP TO MRS. D. GRIFFITHS FOR THE CHAMPION WELSH PONY: THE QUEEN DURING HER VISIT TO THE BRECKNOCKSHIRE AGRICULTURAL SOCIETY'S SHOW.



VISITED BY A REIGNING MONARCH FOR THE FIRST TIME FOR CENTURIES :
ST. DAVID'S CATHEDRAL, WHERE HER MAJESTY ATTENDED DIVINE SERVICE.

ON Sunday, August 7, the second day of the Royal tour of Wales, the Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh attended morning service at St. David's Cathedral, in the ancient city of St. David, on the Pembrokeshire coast. It is believed to be the first time since 1284 that a reigning monarch has attended a service at the Cathedral, since, so far as is known, the last recorded visit was made by King Edward I. and his Queen in that year. In our last week's issue, dated August 6, we published a fine view of the interior of the Cathedral, which contains the relics of the patron saint of Wales. This photograph shows the exterior of the building, which has been described as Britain's loneliest Cathedral. In the Middle Ages two pilgrimages to this beautiful Cathedral were considered to be the equal of one to Rome itself. August 11, four days after the Queen's visit, was the date arranged for the climax of a great pilgrimage of youth, when thousands of young people, from all parts of Wales, were to gather in the ancient Cathedral to take part in a great service of witness, devotion and rededication. During the Royal visit her Majesty toured the Cathedral and saw the casket containing the relics of St. David.



By ARTHUR BRYANT.

THE Geneva Conference seems to have been both a success and a failure—a paradoxical situation which occurs quite often in politics, though it is generally unknown, and, indeed, impossible in any other form of human activity. For though, so far as an outsider can judge, the Conference decided or settled nothing concrete whatever and left the two parties advocating still diametrically opposing policies, it brought the Heads of Government and the supreme political leaders of all-but embattled Powers into friendly and genial communication with one another. And that was a great achievement: something that cannot possibly do harm and may very well do a great deal of good. There are not many political events of which this can be said, and even the most pessimistic and cynical of observers should have reason to be pleased.

Assuming that the Russians genuinely want peace and, what is more to the point, are ready to view the leaders of other nations as human beings like themselves and not as mere reactionary Fascist hyenas and greedy imperialistic robbers—though what could be more reactionary or imperialistic than the policy of the Kremlin during the past decade?—there seems some hope that the international temperature may gradually become a little more normal. There never was a more disastrous fallacy than the facile notion that prevailed after the first war, and of which the Russians have been the supreme protagonists, that international affairs should be conducted by public denunciation and abuse, and that the professional diplomat, with his personal contacts and traditions of courtesy, was a cause of war. The only possible substitute for friendship and a common code of manners between professional diplomats is friendship and a common code of manners between the Heads of Governments and Foreign Ministers—the sort of friendship and common code that existed between Christian princes in the pre-revolutionary Europe of the eighteenth century, and that did so much to mitigate and limit the horrors of war in that civilised age. To read of social comradeship and good manners between the rulers of Russia on the one hand, and of the U.S.A., Great Britain and France on the other, after the barbarities of the last ten years, is as reassuring as the sight of a drifting leaf to a boat-load of shipwrecked mariners. And President Eisenhower and our own Sir Anthony Eden, in concentrating on the personal aspect of their relations with their Russian counterparts, were acting wisely and constructively. Even if no progress was made towards genuine disarmament and the settlement of the German question, and none was, progress was made towards creating that atmosphere of goodwill without which there can be no disarmament and no settlement of any question save by duress or threat of duress.

Yet the practical question remains. Even if the world can re-establish a humane and civilised code of communication between ideologically opposed Governments—and it is still, it must be remembered, very far from doing so—two great problems have to be settled before the shadow lying over mankind can be lifted. One is disarmament and the other is German unity. Without disarmament we and our neighbours will remain perpetually committed to an ever-mounting expenditure on the increasingly and, indeed, prohibitively costly weapons of destruction with which the scientists have armed and are arming our fallible and quarrelsome species. In the end, and perhaps before long, unless we can find a means of mutual disarmament, we shall reach a state of *reductio ad absurdum* in which the whole of life will be devoted to the business of preparing for and insuring against war. Already, even in this pacific and war-weary island, it is scarcely possible to find a quiet country district in which the air is not filled all day with the sound of rushing aircraft or the periodic crash and thunder of gun-fire, and in which large areas of land that ought to be devoted to growing food are turned into deserts by some form of battle training or another. The armaments and armies that existed on the Continent before 1914, and which appeared then to be so alarming, seem Lilliputian compared with those that gaze at one another across the iron frontiers of to-day. It is not merely the horror of atomic warfare that daunts the soul of man to-day, even though the thought of it overshadows every other. For even if the scientists had not made their dreadful discovery, the dilemma of over-armed humanity would

still be terrifying. Man's anger, greed or lack of self-control is charged to-day with more than dynamite; it can destroy the whole earth and by more means, it seems, than one. Some shared control of those forces is becoming indispensable for the survival both of civilisation and of mankind itself.

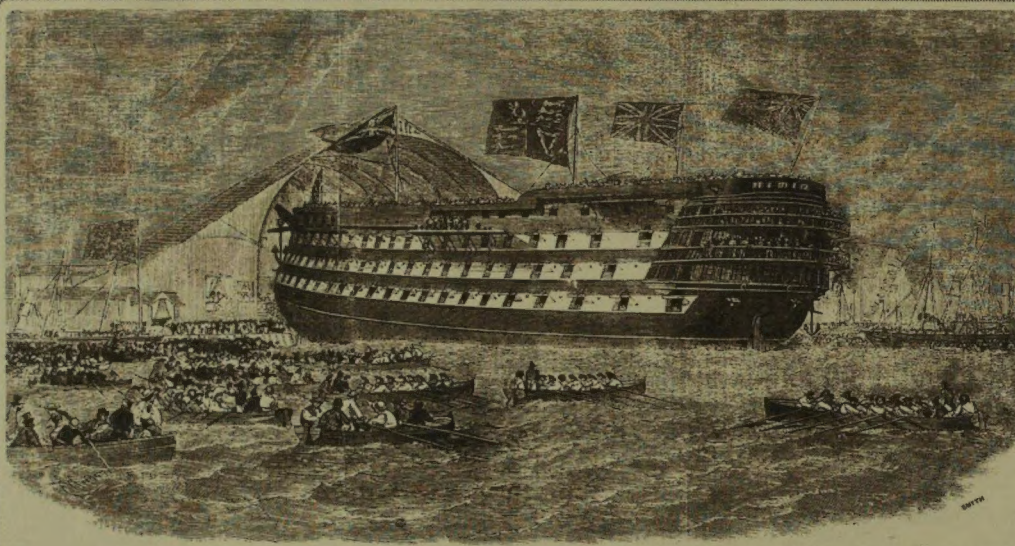
As for the German problem, it seems certain, if not solved, to constitute a cause, and in all probability a growing cause, of war. For if one thing can be predicted with certainty, so long as there are two Germanys, each under its own Government and each backed by a foreign Power or combination of Powers, the natural desire of the Germans to become a reunited community will tend to bring those Powers into conflict. In the middle of the nineteenth century that desire, until gratified, caused three European wars in the space of sixteen years. It may be argued that its gratification caused two other and far worse wars half a century later. And here, of course, lies the core of the dilemma postulated by the nationalist feelings of those 80,000,000 people—the most vigorous, industrious and efficient in Europe—who live in its strategic heart and centre. As everyone knows, the Germans under a German Government are capable of becoming, and in a remarkably short space of time, the most appalling menace to their neighbours. No one knows that better than the Russians. It is arguable, after Germany's crushing defeat in 1945 and in view of the vast numerical superiority of the Russians, that the latter have no longer anything to fear.

At a dinner-party at Geneva, I have seen it stated in one journal, Marshal Zhukoff is said to have laughed at the idea that the Germans any longer constituted a menace to his country. But when Marshal Bulganin declared at the Conference that he could not face his colleagues, the Red Army and the Russian people, if he permitted the re-creation of a united and armed Germany over which Russia had no control, it seems likely enough that he was speaking the truth. And if there was no North Sea and English Channel between us and our Teuton neighbours, and had been none in 1940, we should feel exactly the same ourselves.

There is only, so far as I can see, one logical solution. Whether it is practicable is not a matter of opinion but of politics—a very different matter—but, if it is not, it is hard to see how the danger of war can be lessened. It is for Europe to become sufficiently integrated for its national divisions to cease to be a cause of conflict. But there is an immense obstacle here. If it is united without the participation of either Britain or Russia, it will be dominated by Germany and so become a menace to both Russia and Britain. If it is united with Russia and without Britain, it will become a Russian and Communist satellite and—one can trust the Russians to ensure this—will remain so.

If it is united with Britain but without Russia, the latter will fear an anti-Communist European crusade against her, with Germany in the van. There is only one solution alone that can make increasingly united Europe, not a threat to, but a solvent of, international discord. It is that both Britain and Russia should participate as full partners in its common affairs. To this objection will be made that both Britain and Russia belong to wider unions—the one continental and ideological, the other oceanic—that are outside Europe and of greater importance to them than Europe. Yet I can see no reason why that should be a barrier to their joint participation in Europe's affairs and even to America's participation, too. For the United States, like Britain, sprang out of Europe and is populated by members of the European family, all of whom are only a few generations, at the outside, removed from Europe. The gradual creation of a European Council, of a European security-force and of a European tariff control commission, in all of which both Britain and Russia, and perhaps the U.S.A., too, are represented seems to me the natural stairway that might, little by little, lead to increasing co-operation between those at present divided by historical circumstances and ideology. It would have to be very gradual, and at first very limited, but, given friendship and growing trust between the leaders of the great nations concerned, I cannot see that it is either impossible or incompatible with those wider and far more strongly-established unions to which both Britain and Russia belong. Whatever may be said against it, it would at least be an alternative to war.

A HUNDRED YEARS AGO: AN ILLUSTRATION AND QUOTATION FROM
"THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS" OF AUGUST 11, 1855.



THE LAST WOODEN FIRST RATE TO BE BUILT AND GO INTO COMMISSION: H.M.S. MARLBOROUGH IMMEDIATELY AFTER THE LAUNCH BY H.M. QUEEN VICTORIA AT PORTSMOUTH ON JULY 31, 1855. THE VESSEL CAME TO A DEAD STOP ON THE SLIP AND THE LAUNCH WAS NOT EFFECTED TILL THE NEXT MORNING. Bad weather and an "unfortunate contretemps" somewhat clouded the launching of H.M.S. Marlborough, the last wooden first rate to be built and to actually go into commission. A full account of the ceremony accompanied this illustration in *The Illustrated London News* of August 11, 1855, and details of the vessel were given: "The Marlborough is perfection, whether as regards her beauty of mould, or her immense strength, equal to two three-deckers of the olden time." The description of the launching read: "Her Majesty christened the noble vessel. The launch at first proceeded most satisfactorily, but at last the ship came to a dead stop, leaving about twenty-five yards still on the slip. The most strenuous efforts were made to get the vessel off the slips . . . but the launch was not effected till the next morning." H.M.S. Marlborough was later Flagship of the Mediterranean Fleet from 1858-1864. In 1924 she was sold to the breakers and was towed out on November 29, when she broke in two and capsized two miles east of the Owers lightship. Marlborough was not the first vessel to have a Royal launching marred by an "unfortunate contretemps." Phineas Pett describes how much the same thing happened in 1637 when Charles I. launched *Sovereign of the Sea* in a poor tide; the vessel was subsequently launched at night to the annoyance, not of the King, but of the officials who thought that they ought to have been present.

FROM FAR AND NEAR: ROYAL, NAVAL, MILITARY AND POLITICAL OCCASIONS.



HELPING HIS TEAM TO VICTORY: THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH BATTING AT BADMINTON DURING A MATCH IN AID OF THE PLAYING FIELDS ASSOCIATION.
On July 31 the Duke of Edinburgh shared in a 50-run partnership in 20 minutes with the South African captain, Jack Cheetham, at Badminton. The Duke scored 22 and helped his team to a four-wicket victory over the Duke of Beaufort's XI. The match, in aid of the Playing Fields Association, was watched by 15,000 people.



ARRIVING AT PORTSMOUTH TO EMBARK IN THE ROYAL YACHT: THE DUKE OF CORNWALL AND PRINCESS ANNE FOLLOWED BY THEIR GRANDMOTHER, PRINCESS ANDREW OF GREECE. The Duke of Cornwall and Princess Anne travelled from London to Portsmouth on August 5 to join Prince Michael of Kent in the Royal Yacht *Britannia*. They were accompanied by their paternal grandmother, Princess Andrew of Greece, seen here with Vice-Admiral Connolly Abel Smith.



LOOKING ACROSS THE FRONTIER TOWARDS RED CHINA: THE COLONIAL SECRETARY AND HIS WIFE IN HONG KONG.
On July 25 Mr. Lennox-Boyd, Secretary of State for the Colonies, arrived in Hong Kong on the first stage of his six-weeks tour of South-East Asia. He was accompanied by his wife, Lady Patricia Lennox-Boyd, who can be seen with him in this photograph as they both looked across the frontier between Hong Kong and Red China.

(RIGHT.) AT A VOTING STATION IN KUALA LUMPUR DURING THE FEDERATION OF MALAYA ELECTIONS: A VOTER GETTING A BALLOT PAPER FROM AN OFFICIAL.
On July 27 voters in the Federation of Malaya elected their first representative Government. There were 1,250,000 electors and 129 candidates for the fifty-two seats. The election resulted in a sweeping victory for the alliance of the United Malays National Organisation, Malayan Chinese Association, and Malayan Indian Congress, led by Tengku Abdul Rahman, which won fifty-one out of the fifty-two seats. On Aug 4, Tengku Abdul Rahman was named Chief Minister in the new Federal Legislative Council, which will consist of fifteen members. There are six Malays, five Europeans, three Chinese and one Indian in the new Council, ten of whom will have the title of Minister.



KENYA'S K.A.R. BATTALIONS RECEIVE NEW COLOURS: THE GOVERNOR OF KENYA, SIR EVELYN BARING, AT THE PRESENTATION IN MITCHELL PARK, NAIROBI.
On July 7 *Askaris* of the 5th, 7th and 23rd (Kenya) Battalions of the King's African Rifles paraded in Nairobi's Mitchell Park to receive Queen's and Regimental Colours from the Governor of Kenya, Sir Evelyn Baring, acting on behalf of her Majesty. To complete the Kenya K.A.R. representation, the 3rd Battalion, which received its Colours from the Duke of Gloucester in 1950, also joined in the impressive parade.



BELIEVED TO BE THE FIRST AUSTRALIAN WARSHIP TO COME UP THE THAMES: H.M.A.S. QUEENBOROUGH ARRIVING AT TOWER BRIDGE.
On August 2 H.M.A.S. *Queenborough*, a fast anti-submarine frigate of the Royal Australian Navy, arrived in the Pool of London for a six-day courtesy visit. H.M.A.S. *Queenborough* has been in United Kingdom waters for some months, and has been taking part in exercises with the Royal Navy and N.A.T.O. countries.

SEA PIECES FROM COWES: YACHTS IN THEIR PRIDE.



WITH THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH AT THE HELM: MR. UFFA FOX'S 20-TON YACHT *FRESH BREEZE*, WHICH TOOK PART IN THE RACE FOR THE BRITANNIA CUP.



ENJOYING ONE OF HIS FAVOURITE SPORTS: THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH ON BOARD *COWESLIP*, WITH MR. UFFA FOX.



AN EASILY DISTINGUISHED YACHT AT COWES: MR. M. WYATT'S *BLOODHOUND*, SHOWING THE STRIKING WIDELY-STRIPED SAIL WHICH SHE CARRIES.



A MARINE PICTURE WORTHY OF THE BRUSH OF A VAN DE VELDE OR ANY OTHER FAMOUS PAINTER OF SEA PIECES: A VIEW OF THE YACHTS AFTER THE START OF THE RACE FOR THE BRITANNIA CUP, ONE OF THE CHIEF EVENTS OF COWES WEEK, WON BY THE AMERICAN YAWL *CARINA*, WINNER OF THE RECENT 3450-MILE RACE FROM NEWPORT TO MARSTRAND.

Cowes this year enjoyed its full quota of spectacular marine beauty by the brilliance of blue sky and sea, though the wind was freakish and fickle. Shipping was dressed overall three times—on August 1, when the Duke of Edinburgh arrived; on August 4 in honour of the birthday of the Queen Mother, and on August 5 in honour of the town of Cowes. One of the most exciting finishes of the Week was on August 6 between the Royal Dragon class *Bluebottle* and *Tania*, which resulted

in the latter's fifth win, confirming her as the worthy champion of the British Dragons. An interesting event was the presentation by the Duke of Edinburgh of the tattered racing flag of his *Coweslip* (given him by the town of Cowes), to be kept in the offices of the Cowes Urban Council with the note of the many places where she has raced, and her 56 firsts, 14 seconds and 7 thirds. The rocket and fireworks display by H.M.S. *Undine* was of unbelievable beauty.

A MEMORABLE COWES WEEK, A ROYAL COMPETITOR, AND WINNERS.



WINNER OF ALL FIVE RACES IN WHICH SHE STARTED, SECOND HANDICAP CLASS (19 FT. TO 30 FT. R.O.R.C. RATING): (R.) THE U.S. YACHT *HARRIER* (MR. RAYMOND HUNT).



MAY BE VII. (MR. WILLIAM L. HORTON), WINNER OF THE R.Y.S. REGATTA SIX METRES (R.); WITH *TADPOLE* (MR. E. B. N. MITCHELL), WINNER OF THE INTERNATIONAL O.D. AUG. 1.

This year's Cowes Week was memorable, if not perfect. The presence of *Britannia* with the Duke of Edinburgh aboard, and his Royal Highness's participation in one of his favourite sports, added greatly to it. The Americans scored many successes. *Harrier*, built in Germany and designed by her owner, Mr. Raymond Hunt, who was at her helm throughout the Week, won all five races in which she started. Mr. R. B. Nye's *Carina*, another American vessel, won the Britannia Cup and the



WINNER OF SIX FIRST PRIZES DURING COWES WEEK: THE DRAGON CLASS *TANIA* (MESSRS. K. H. PRESTON AND J. RAYMOND) COMPETING IN THE ROYAL YACHT SQUADRON REGATTA.



WITH MR. UFFA FOX: H.R.H. THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH IN *COWESLIP*, WHICH HE RACED IN THE CLASS FOR FLYING FIFTEENS. PRINCE MICHAEL OF KENT WAS ABOARD ON OCCASIONS.

New York Yacht Club Cup—and, curiously enough, the same owner had won these two trophies with a similarly named yacht in 1953. *May Be VII.*, one of the American team over to meet the British boats in this week's contest for the British-American Cup, won the Six Metres event on August 3. The Duke of Edinburgh sailed his Flying Fifteen class *Coweslip*, and also *Bluebottle*, and won four second prizes with the latter in the Dragon class events.

LOOKING BACK ON ELEVEN CONTROVERSIAL YEARS.

"My Political Life: Vol. 3. The Unforgiving Years, 1929-1940"; By the Rt. Hon. L. S. AMERY, C.H.*

An Appreciation by SIR JOHN SQUIRE.

MR. L. S. AMERY has now completed the third volume of his political autobiography and there is one more to come. Long as his career of service has been, the new volume shows no diminution in zeal or zest—or in their frequent accompaniment, loquacity.

The period which is his latest theme gives him full scope for lamentation, all the more so because, for most of its years, the country was governed either by his own party or by Coalitions in which his own party was dominant. His tenor (though he usually writes more in sorrow than in anger, for good-temper comes more naturally to him than bitterness) may be indicated by some specimen chapter-headings. Cassandra herself could scarcely have conceived more congenial fare than "Fumbling for a Policy, 1929-1931," "Collapse and Coalition," "The Pacifist Delusion," "Killing the League," "Confused Interval," "The New Policy: Appeasement," "Munich," "From Munich to War," "Playing at War," and "The Fall of the Chamberlain Government." The story, as he sees it, is one of almost uninterrupted timidity, misjudgment and muddle.

Errors in judgment, of course, were not a British monopoly. Mussolini could not believe that we wanted to keep him out of Abyssinia for any other reason than that we wanted it for ourselves. Hitler is quoted (from an official document) as telling his generals on August 22, 1939, "As for the rest, gentlemen, the fate of Russia will be exactly the same as I am now going through with in the case of Poland. After Stalin's death—he is a very sick man—we will break the Soviet Union. Then there will begin the dawn of the German rule of the earth." Any critically-minded German, Italian or Frenchman, I imagine, surveying Mr. Amery's epoch, would certainly find as much folly in the conduct of his rulers as Mr. Amery finds in that of ours.

I will say this, however; Mr. Amery, as a rule, is not wise after the event only. He has always formed his own opinions, he has never merely swum with the tide, he has frequently been right when Governments and electors have been living in fools' paradises, and he has never shrunk from expressing unpopular views. His chapters on the domestic crisis of 1931, on the Pacifist wave, on the overloading and destruction of the League, on the conflict with Italy, make painful reading. What I do not think he makes quite sufficient allowance for is the difficulties of a Government which had reason to believe that, if it took a certain line, the bulk of the electorate (unprecedentedly ignorant since universal suffrage) would refuse to back it up. Who can say what would have happened had Mr. Baldwin refused to be warned by the Fulham by-election? Suppose a firm line had been taken over Hitler's military occupation of the Rhineland; would not there have been a loud bleating from the sheep, and a loud howl from the mischief-makers, as to the unfairness of preventing a man from defending his own country.

And even as to Munich. One needs not to be as credulous as those Members of the House who leapt up, roaring applause and waving their order-papers, when Mr. Chamberlain returned with his "Peace with Honour," to think that (apart from other considerations, military and political) there was something to be said for delay, in order to make sure of a united people.

As for Mr. Chamberlain personally, Mr. Amery is kindly inclined, but makes it very clear that he was temperamentally and by training the last man to

conduct a war successfully, or at all. He doubtless did not realise it himself: he, who thought that Hitler, when our outlook was so black, had "missed the bus." But in this sort of connection he quotes from a speech by Lord Winterton a passage which he says all Cabinet Ministers should con from time to time: "I believe that, if all those who have held office or are in office were taken out in a ship, and if by some terrible misfortune the ship was lost, what would happen would be that our families would mourn us, there would be a service in Westminster Abbey, and foreign statesmen would shed their crocodile tears; but life would proceed as before, and the man in the street would probably say, 'Well, the Old Gang has gone West at last. I feel very sorry for the poor blanks, but I wish some of them had been drowned ten years ago.'"

I think that some readers, especially of the younger generation, may wish that Mr. Amery—though his enthusiasm prevents him, as a rule, from being dull—might have been more frugal with his descriptions of forgotten controversies, his quotations from his own letters, speeches and diaries. Is he really making much

of a contribution to history when he quotes this from his diary for December 31, 1939: "So ends 1939. If I haven't done anything outstanding this year I seem to have been fairly active in various ways. At the beginning of the year I created the Citizen Service League and the Colonial

League, both of which I think did some good. In the House I pushed the case for getting ready and, in particular, for compulsory service both in speeches and upstairs in Committees and by motions. With Salter I also pleaded in vain

for the accumulation of timber and other stores. Since the outbreak of war I suppose the most useful thing I have done is to state the case, both by my anonymous *Times* article and in speeches, for a proper policy of Economic Warfare. I have also spoken on education and Family Allowances, also keeping the latter subject going by my paper to the British Medical Association. On the writing side I produced, very hurriedly, my book on the *German Colonial Claim*, and more recently, *Days of Fresh Air*, as well as an article on the strategy of the War for the *Round Table*. All very trifling compared with what I ought to be doing. But there it is. My whole life so far has prepared me for just this sort of issue, and here I am glad to do any little odd job that might be useful.

"Looking back, I suppose I might have been more accom-

modating over the farce of the so-called National Unity movement in 1931, and ever since Baldwin and Neville have been frightened of me as too set in my views and too anxious to get things done. But it has all been experience, and I have never let myself get bored or disgruntled, and perhaps 1940 will give me real work to do, and be the beginning of a second and more effective spell of active political life."

The book is amply illustrated, though it is odd that space should be devoted to portrait-heads of Mussolini and Hitler, whose countenances I should have thought to be generally familiar already. Hitler may be here, perhaps, because Mr. Amery had an interview with him at Berchtesgaden in 1935. The interview lasted nearly two hours. "During the first hour I got in my own say fairly well; after that he gave himself a clear run on the theme of all he had achieved for Germany and how unanimous, except for a few Jews and criminals, was the support he enjoyed." Hitler complained that he had repeatedly offered the hand of friendship to France, but in vain. "He was, no doubt, treating me to the same reasonable stuff as that with which he was to fill up Lloyd George and Lothian, and even guileless old Lansbury." "He certainly," Mr. Amery goes on, "did not strike me as of outstanding intellect." Since Mr. Amery had already waded through "Mein Kampf," he surely cannot have been surprised at that; or, for that matter, at his disclaimers of territorial ambitions.



THE AUTHOR OF THE BOOK REVIEWED ON THIS PAGE: THE RT. HON. L. S. AMERY, C.H. The Rt. Hon. Leopold Stennett Amery, politician and author, was born in India in 1873. He was educated at Harrow and Balliol College, Oxford, and was on the editorial staff of *The Times* from 1899-1909. He was Member of Parliament (Unionist) for Sparkbrook (formerly South) Division of Birmingham from 1911-45. He has held many important Government appointments, including those of First Lord of the Admiralty (1922-24); Secretary of State for the Colonies (1924-29), for Dominion Affairs (1929-39) and for India and for Burma (1940-45).



THE NATIONAL GOVERNMENT, 1931. (L. TO R.) J. RAMSAY MACDONALD, J. H. THOMAS, LORD READING, STANLEY BALDWIN AND PHILIP SNOWDEN. AT TOP OF STEPS (L. TO R.): SIR HERBERT SAMUEL, NEVILLE CHAMBERLAIN, SIR SAMUEL HOARE, SIR PHILIP CUNLIFFE-LISTER AND LORD SANKEY.



"L. S. A. AND B." MR. L. S. AMERY WITH HIS WIFE.

Photograph by Cecil Beaton.

Photographs reproduced from the book "My Political Life: Vol. 3. The Unforgiving Years, 1929-1940": by courtesy of the publisher, Hutchinson.

* "My Political Life: Vol. 3: The Unforgiving Years, 1929-1940." By the Rt. Hon. L. S. Amery, C.H. Illustrated. (Hutchinson; 30s.)

Novels are reviewed by K. John, and other books by E. D. O'Brien, on page 280 of this issue.



ACKNOWLEDGING THE CHEERS OF THE CROWD ASSEMBLED OUTSIDE CLARENCE HOUSE TO WISH HER HAPPINESS ON HER FIFTY-FIFTH BIRTHDAY, AUGUST 4: H.M. QUEEN ELIZABETH THE QUEEN MOTHER, AT A WINDOW WITH HER GRANDCHILDREN T.R.H. THE DUKE OF CORNWALL AND PRINCESS ANNE.



A DEMONSTRATION OF THE DEEP AFFECTION FELT FOR QUEEN ELIZABETH THE QUEEN MOTHER: A SECTION OF THE CROWD OUTSIDE CLARENCE HOUSE ON HER BIRTHDAY.

MARKED BY SPONTANEOUS PUBLIC EXPRESSIONS OF AFFECTION, AND ROYAL GREETINGS: THE QUEEN MOTHER'S BIRTHDAY.

The deep affection inspired by Queen Elizabeth the Queen Mother was demonstrated on August 4, when her Majesty celebrated her fifty-fifth birthday. Hundreds of people gathered outside Buckingham Palace and Clarence House in the morning to see the Royal children drive to Clarence House to present flowers to their grandmother; and there was a burst of cheering when her Majesty appeared at the window with the Duke of Cornwall and Princess Anne. The Queen Mother had no public engagements and spent the morning reading

the many greetings from home and overseas. Royal salutes were fired in Hyde Park and at the Tower of London; and in the afternoon and evening big crowds assembled outside Buckingham Palace and Clarence House; and, indeed, when the Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh drove to Clarence House in the evening their car was almost halted by the press. The Queen, the Duke, the Queen Mother and Princess Margaret went to the theatre in the evening to see "The Remarkable Mr. Pennypacker."

A WINDOW ON THE WORLD. FORMOSA ONCE AGAIN.

By CYRIL FALLS,

Sometime Chichele Professor of the History of War, Oxford.

IT is not, of course, the island of Formosa only that has again emerged this month from a temporary mist which enshrouded it while the light shone on Europe. China, is involved in several other important issues. Among them are recognition of the Communist régime, admission of Red China to the United Nations, trade embargoes, Korea, and Indo-China. Yet Formosa stands most prominently on the horizon. It represents a problem seemingly as insoluble as ever. The new international formula for the lessening of tension is "Back to Geneva!" The decision to return to Geneva, though this time only for ambassadorial conversations, was taken with the intention of dealing with all the issues mentioned and also with that of the detention of United States civilians in China. It was probably taken with little hope of progress towards a settlement of the question of Formosa. But it was at the same time clear that Formosa influenced every other problem and that the deadlock here hampered or stopped progress on other points.

On the eve of the meeting Chou En-lai showed by his speech on foreign policy that he does not at present propose to adopt the recent Russian practice of using the soft pedal. Can he be said to have shown himself any less stiff or provocative than before? He did go so far as to say that he would be prepared to enter into negotiations with the Chiang Kai-shek Government, to which he referred as "the responsible local authorities," and he did announce that the return of the small number of Americans held in China was a matter which could easily be settled. On the other hand, his tone was uncompromising. Negotiations with the Formosan Government, he made it clear, would be undertaken solely for the purpose of preparing for the peaceful liberation of Formosa. This is an old Communist technique, resembling the schoolboy's, "Heads I win; tails you lose," but equally unimpressive except when dealing with victims. He also demanded once again that the United States should withdraw its forces from the scene.

The Nationalist comment from Formosa was more uncompromising still. A spokesman remarked pointedly that the Government had never asked any party to negotiate on its behalf with the Chinese Communists and that no outside party would make decisions for it. This is a technique of another kind, that of chiding your backer and asserting your independence of him because you believe that he cannot avoid going on backing you. Formosa can be defended only with the aid of the United States, and for various reasons which have often been discussed, the United States is averse to letting it fall into the Communist lap. Chiang Kai-shek plays upon that fact, though American-Chinese Nationalist relations on the spot are, by all accounts, excellent. The same spokesman said that Nationalist China would never sit down at a conference table with the Communist bandits.

This, in short, looks an unpromising prospect. Yet, if we take our minds back a matter of months only, we may find something not altogether hopeless in the speech of Chou En-lai. Then he did not even talk of negotiations. He talked of invasion. China made active preparations to invade the more important off-shore islands and possibly to invade Formosa itself. It is, of course, possible that the invasion would be launched at any moment if it appeared to have the smallest chance of success, but hesitation about attempting the hopeless is at least common sense. Moreover, Chou En-lai was talking in public, whereas his Ambassador (transported from Warsaw for the occasion) has been having private talks in Geneva. It may be that he has spoken more practically. It may be that Formosa has been by-passed to let other questions be reached.

One of the most interesting elements in the relations between Communist China and the Western world has been the development of American opinion, both official and public. Public opinion has come more and more under the influence of the President, who is now immensely popular and enjoys an extraordinary prestige. The affection and trust with which he is regarded has, as is natural, reacted upon him and made him more willing than he was at first to take a strong line and to speak his mind. It has also almost silenced opposition in President Eisenhower's own party. He can say and do things which would be rank blasphemy in another. It is a long time since any President of the United States has occupied as strong a position as that which he now enjoys. How far away seem the early prognostications of the pundits that he would be a failure! How much they would like to see those records expunged!

The talks at Geneva have been exploratory only. Nothing more could have been expected of them. But

it is clear that American opinion has been looking forward to more important exchanges of views. Some hope that these will eventually take the form of a meeting between Mr. Dulles and Chou En-lai. The mood of the people of the United States, reflecting the attitude of their President, is not only optimistic but generous. That it has always desired peace goes without saying. Now it believes it can discern a brighter prospect than has appeared to it at least since the outbreak of the Korean War. The Geneva Conference has contributed to this optimism, possibly, indeed, too much, since Geneva cannot be said to have done more than create a favourable atmosphere, and the attainment of concrete results is going to prove much more difficult. It would be too much to expect that this mood would last if the attitude of Communist China proved to be, in the American view, unreasonable, perverse, and inflexible.

of the country's military advisers, that Formosa is necessary to American Pacific strategy, but that factor also counts. The Chinese Communist Government, on the other hand, passionately asserts that Formosa is an integral part of China and has staked its prestige on obtaining possession of the island.

For good and sufficient reasons the British view of Formosa has been less positively expressed than that of the United States. We have made it clear that we regard the off-shore islands as part of the mainland, and on a different footing to that of Formosa itself and the Pescadores, and this is about all we have said publicly. Yet even the handing over of the off-shore islands to Communist China is beset with grave difficulties, mostly psychological it is true, but none the less serious for that. I have more than once written here, at a time when hostilities seemed imminent, that Formosa could not be surrendered in any future which could be foreseen, but that the islands ought to be, if humanly possible. Yet it has always seemed to me that those who have affected to regard the latter step as a simple matter have been talking nonsense. It is, none the less, an easier problem than that of Formosa.

One other feature of Mr. Chou's speech is of interest. He advocated a Pacific and Asian security pact to replace military alliances. In this respect he was obviously influenced by the proposals advanced by Soviet Russia for Europe. The objection is in both cases similar. Whereas the latter scheme had as one of its objects the breaking-up of N.A.T.O., the former was mainly designed to get rid of S.E.A.T.O. No Eastern pact would, of itself, solve the Formosan problem, though it might solve the others, and it is not easy to see how a pact could be brought into being while the Formosan problem remained untouched. While, therefore, we may all agree with Mr. Casey that the idea is worthy of examination, we cannot regard its translation into reality as a likelihood in the near future. Even in Europe an arrangement of this sort has no prospect of early attainment. In Asia the background is at present less favourable than in Europe.

Is there, then, no practical approach to Formosa?

The first and most obvious step would be to make sure that the respite in the Formosa Strait was maintained. If that much could be achieved, some thinning-out of American and Red Chinese forces in the area might follow. And yet, to be honest, if we try to put ourselves into the place of the Chinese Communists we shall see objections from their point of view. Surely such a solution, even if it were accepted as transient, would appear to them a consolidation of the *status quo* rather than progress towards their goal, and therefore a point scored by the United States and Generalissimo Chiang Kai-shek. This may seem a pessimistic and barren comment, but so many smooth and soothing generalities are written and uttered on this and kindred topics that it is necessary to summon all our funds of realism if we hope to obtain a true picture.

The brighter side is to be seen in improved relations. They have not of themselves improved the prospect of a settlement over Formosa up to now, but they have rendered war less likely on that subject or any other. No one can deny that the attitude of the United States is a sign of moderation and of a desire for peace when he remembers the unjustified Chinese intervention in the Korean War and the gross ill-treatment of American prisoners of war, who formed by far the largest number captured from the ranks of any of the nations which intervened to protect South Korea. We should do well to remember also that, though South Korea was saved from the rule of Communism, no clear-cut victory was won in that war, and that it was the first in the history of the United States which did not end with an indubitable victory. This leaves a sore.

I suggested when speaking of the talks at Geneva that some further progress might be achieved if the question of Formosa were by-passed. This applies to more than these talks—in fact, to any subsequent exchanges of view which may be possible. If the Geneva talks were to end with nothing achieved but the repatriation of the Americans detained in China, such a result would be sadly disappointing, important as this result would be from the point of view of humanity. Some lightening of the embargoes—which, incidentally, are disadvantageous to British trade—is one obvious direction in which ground might be gained. Yet the warnings about the future of European settlements hold good for Asia and the Pacific also. The divisions in the world to-day are so wide and deep that there can be no hope of bridging them as swiftly as used to be the case. It must be a laborious task, undertaken with deep patience and in face of many disappointments.



OPENING THE TALKS, AT AMBASSADORIAL LEVEL, BETWEEN THE UNITED STATES AND THE CHINESE PEOPLE'S REPUBLIC: (L. TO R.) MR. LI HUEI-CHUAN; MR. LIN PING; MR. WANG PING-NAN, CHINESE AMBASSADOR TO POLAND; MR. ALEXIS JOHNSON, AMERICAN AMBASSADOR TO CZECHOSLOVAKIA; AND MR. RALPH CLOUGH, STATE DEPARTMENT EXPERT ON CHINESE AFFAIRS.

The talks between Mr. Wang Ping-Nan, representing the Chinese Government, and Mr. Alexis Johnson, American Ambassador to Czechoslovakia, opened in a cordial atmosphere at the Palais des Nations, in Geneva, on August 1. An agenda was quickly agreed upon, and in a statement, Mr. Wang Ping-Nan indicated that a preliminary item, relating to the repatriation of civilian nationals of either side, should not be difficult to settle. But as Captain Falls says: "Formosa stands most prominently on the horizon. It represents a problem seemingly as insoluble as ever."



NOW RELEASED BY THE CHINESE GOVERNMENT: TWO OF THE ELEVEN AMERICAN AIRMEN SHOT DOWN DURING THE KOREA WAR AND HELD ON ESPIONAGE CHARGES.

Immediately before the opening of the Ambassadorial discussions at Geneva, Peking announced that the eleven American airmen who have been held captive on espionage charges since being shot down near the Manchuria border during the Korea War would be released immediately. They subsequently crossed into Hong Kong on August 4. The above photograph, taken by the Chinese Communists while the airmen were still in captivity, shows 1st Lieutenant Wallace L. Brown (left) and Captain Eugene J. Vaadi.

On Formosa itself, it seems scarcely possible that the United States will give way, and impossible for Communist China to do so. Some ingenious minds have discussed compromise solutions, but none likely to appeal to both sides has been put forward. Many Americans who are not extremists on the subject of China, honestly feel that Chiang Kai-shek was, in some measure, let down by their country immediately after the end of the war with Japan; anything which could be construed as disloyalty to a war-time ally, now again bound to the United States by treaty, would be abhorrent to them. This sentiment is probably stronger than the belief, based on the appreciations

TO IMPROVE THE FACE OF NIAGARA: HALTING EROSION, AND GUIDING FLOW.



(ABOVE.) SHOWING, BY DOTTED LINES, THE EXCAVATION AND FILLING OPERATION PLANNED TO ENHANCE THE BEAUTY OF THE AMERICAN SIDE OF THE HORSESHOE FALLS: THE RESULTS OF THIS PROJECT CAN BE SEEN, RIGHT.

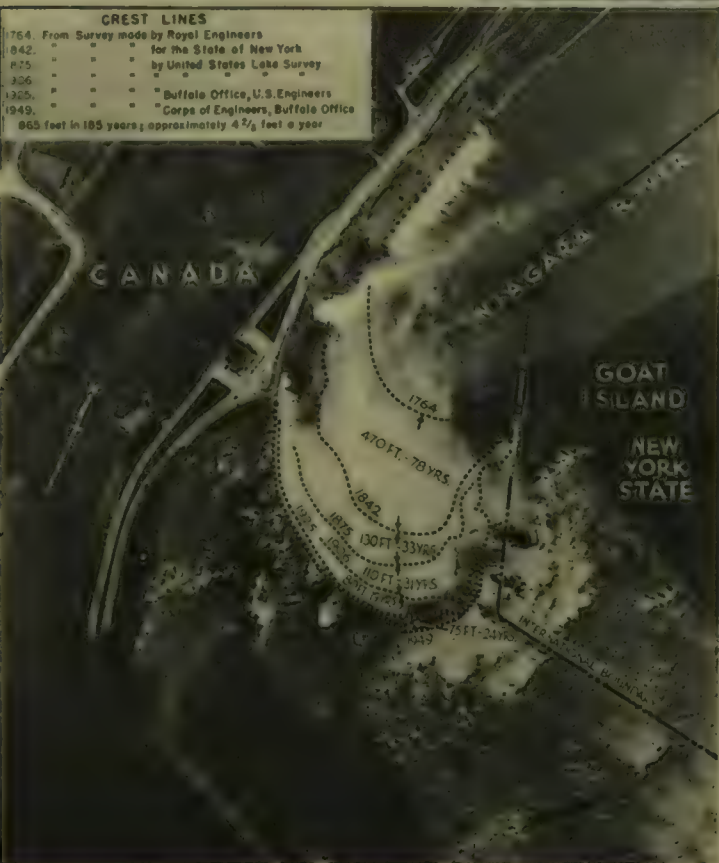


AN UNBROKEN RIDGE AND A CLEAN FALL OF WATER: THE SAME VIEW OF THE AMERICAN FALLS AS THAT ON THE LEFT, AFTER A GIGANTIC SURGICAL OPERATION HAD BEEN PERFORMED.

THAT famous North American industry, the Niagara Falls, has been suffering a literal recession, as surveys made periodically since 1764 have proved. The Horseshoe Falls on the Canadian side are said to have receded 865 ft. between 1764 and 1949, an average of approximately 4½ ft. a year, though in actual fact the annual rate of erosion has been irregular and careful remedial work may render it imperceptible. Since 1950, the U.S.-Canadian Joint Commission have worked together to preserve and enhance the beauty of the Falls, and to "distribute the waters so as to produce an unbroken crestline." This has entailed giant surgical operations, by which vast quantities of rock excavated from one section have been grafted on to another and carefully blended with the existing landscape to provide a clean ridge, unbroken except by the majestic curtain of water which hangs over it. Another aspect of this remedial work concerns power generation. Huge generating stations have been built on the Canadian shore, and by careful construction work the flow of water can be controlled and the need for future remedial work more exactly ascertained.



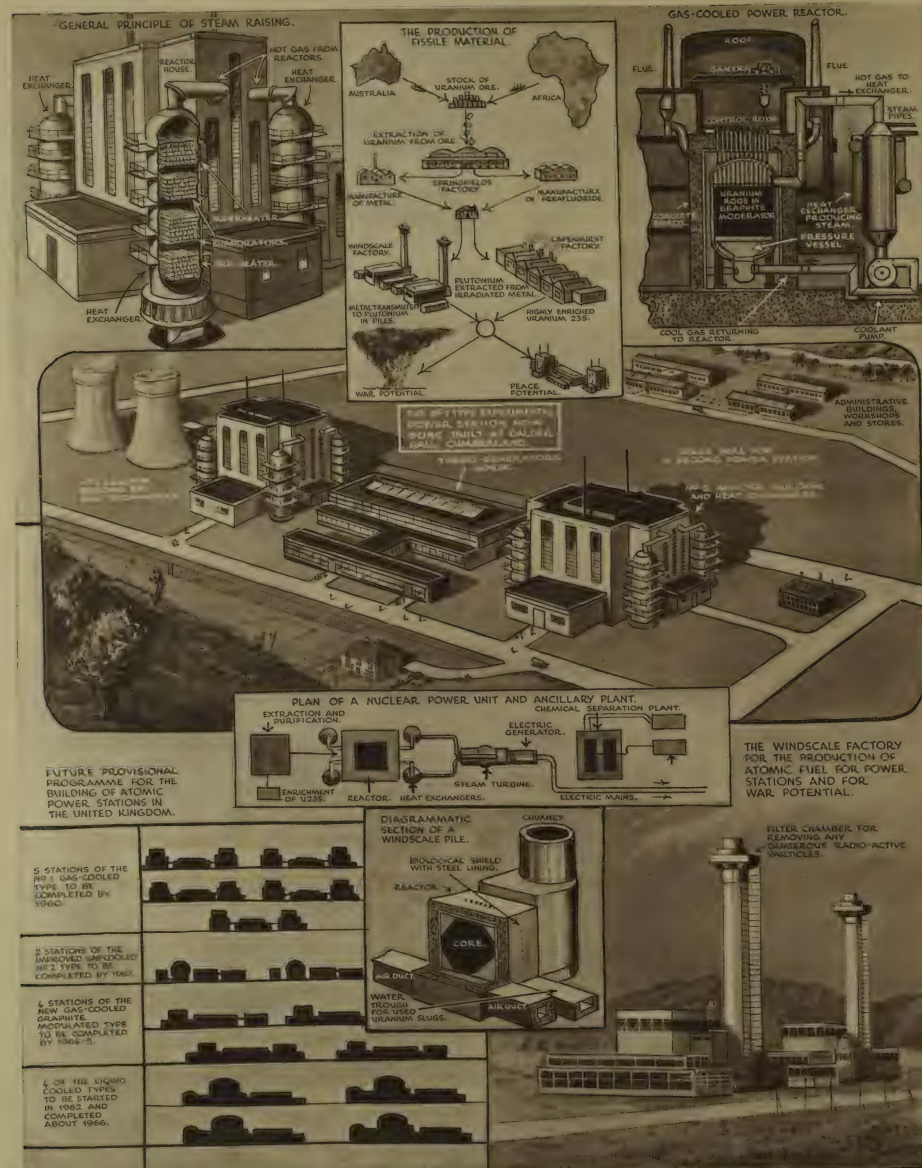
LOOKING FROM THE ONTARIO SHORE: THE AMERICAN FALLS (LEFT BACKGROUND), THE HORSESHOE FALLS (RIGHT), AND THE FORMAL GARDEN OF THE CANADIAN CITY OF NIAGARA.



THE RECEDING CRESTLINE OF THE HORSESHOE FALLS: AN AERIAL PHOTOGRAPH, WITH DOTTED LINES INDICATING THE EROSION FROM 1764.



DEPICTED IN MODEL FORM: THE HORSESHOE FALLS, SHOWING THE METAL VANES IN THE RIVER-BED WHICH SIMULATE THE FLOW OF WATER, AND DETERMINE THE NEED FOR REMEDIAL WORK.



ATOMS FOR HOME CONSUMPTION AND FOR EXPORT: BRITAIN'S REMARKABLE PROGRESS IN ADAPTING

The recent increase in the price of coal and the subsequent fuel debate in the House of Commons were sharp reminders to the public that coal production is unable to keep up with the current demand, and that the situation in the near future would be very grave indeed if we were without auxiliary sources of fuel and power. Fortunately, however, other sources exist. Of greatest ultimate value, though necessarily a long-term answer, is the aid likely to be given by atomic energy when the full programme for constructing atomic power stations has been realised. The experimental atomic power station now being constructed at Calder

Hall, in Cumberland, and another planned at Dounreay, in Caithness, will be the precursors of a chain of such stations to be built between now and 1966, some of the Calder Hall type, others improved gas-cooled types, and, still later, when the complex technological problems of liquid-cooling have been solved, liquid-cooled thermal reactors. In due course, it is expected that it will be possible to extract as much as 3000 megawatt-days of heat from every ton of atomic fuel, equivalent to the heat from 10,000 tons of coal. An essential part of the scheme is the development of new factories for processing uranium, providing fuel for

DRAWN BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, G. H. DAVIS, WITH THE CO-OPERATION OF THE ATOMIC ENERGY AUTHORITY.

NUCLEAR ENERGY TO SOLVE OUR COAL PROBLEM AND TO PROVIDE A VALUABLE EXPORT.

peaceful and military purposes. To-day, we have the Springfields and Windscale factories, and the diffusion plant at Capenhurst, in addition to the famous experimental establishment at Harwell, where scientists are constantly seeking to improve existing technical processes and the design of future power stations. The international conference on the peaceful uses of atomic energy, which opened at Geneva on August 8, made it clear that, in the international field also, Britain's nuclear progress is impressive. It is known that a total of forty-two nuclear reactors exist in the world to-day, twenty-nine located in the United States, five in Great Britain,

two each in France and Canada, and one each in Norway, the Soviet Union (who probably possess more, undisclosed), Sweden and Switzerland. But in the planning of future reactors, Great Britain leads the world with twenty-two; the U.S. is second with sixteen. We are already the world's chief exporter of radioactive isotopes, and the announcement at Geneva that Britain's scientists had built a new "breeder" reactor which will produce more fuel than it consumes, brings the not unreasonable hope that in the foreseeable future we may become to some degree the atomic—as a century ago we were the engineering—workshop of the world.

THE ENORMOUS RISE IN THE CONSUMPTION OF ELECTRICITY IN GREAT BRITAIN. (ACTUAL AND ESTIMATED)

	1925	1950	1954	1965 (ESTIMATED)	1970 (ESTIMATED)
INDUSTRIAL	3.7	23.4	32.0	61	107
DOMESTIC AND AGRICULTURAL	0.6	14.9	19.6	37	63
COMMERCIAL	0.9	6.1	9.5	16	27
TRANSPORT	0.5	1.5	1.4	2	4

CALCULATED IN MILLIARD UNITS (1,000,000,000 KILOWATT HOURS).

THE INCREASE IN THE USE OF ELECTRICITY IS DEMANDING THE RISE IN COAL CONSUMPTION IN THE POWER STATIONS. COAL USED TODAY: 10 MILLION TONS YEARLY. ESTIMATED QUANTITY REQUIRED IN 1965 (IF WITHOUT ATOMIC POWER STATIONS): 65,000,000 TONS.



THE LACK OF MAN POWER IN THE COAL MINES IS MAKING IT INCREASINGLY DIFFICULT TO PRODUCE ENOUGH COAL.



MUSIC IN SUNSHINE: SCENES DURING

AN ORCHESTRAL SUMMER COURSE.



"WILL YOU TEACH ME TO PLAY?": A SMALL VISITOR INTRIGUED BY THE SEPULCHRAL UTTERANCES OF A DOUBLE-BASS DURING HER TOUR OF INSPECTION OF THE SCHOOL.



SURROUNDED BY STRING: IN THE CENTRE FOREGROUND OF THIS HAPPY GROUP OF VIOLINISTS ARE MR. READ, THE DIRECTOR OF THE COURSE, MRS. READ, AND SIR ADRIAN BOULT.



PARADING OVER THE NETBALL COURTS: A MILITARY BAND, FORMED BY THE ENTHUSIASTIC PLAYERS OF WIND INSTRUMENTS, STRIKES A LIGHTER NOTE IN AN INTERVAL BETWEEN MORE SERIOUS AFFAIRS.



THE INQUIRING FINGER AGAIN, THIS TIME DIRECTED APPRECIATIVELY AT THE HARP PLAYED BY MISS TRYPHENA PARTRIDGE, WHO RECENTLY GAVE A RECITAL AT WIGMORE HALL.



DISCUSSING A POINT IN REHEARSAL: (L. TO R.) SIR ADRIAN BOULT, MR. LEO QUAYLE AND MR. ERNEST READ. DISTINGUISHED VISITORS TO THE COURSE GIVE ENCOURAGEMENT AND HELP TO THE STUDENTS.



CONDUCTED BY MR. RICHARD AUSTIN, THE FIRST ORCHESTRA PERFORMS A MAJOR WORK. PLAYERS FROM ALL OVER THE COUNTRY FILL THE THREE ORCHESTRAS.



A WORD ON INTERPRETATION FROM THE CONDUCTOR, SIR ADRIAN BOULT, BEFORE HE PUTS THE FIRST ORCHESTRA THROUGH ITS PACES.



A LESSON FROM AN EXPERT: THIS STUDENT LISTENS ATTENTIVELY WHILE THAT FINE AND NOVEL BASSOONIST, MR. ARCHIE CAMDEN, IMPARTS SOME OF THE KNOWLEDGE BORN OF LONG EXPERIENCE.



CONDUCTING ONE OF THE THREE ORCHESTRAS, THE PRESIDENT FINDS IT COOLER WITHOUT HIS JACKET. SIR ADRIAN BOULT IS A POPULAR AND INDEFATIGABLE VISITOR.

There is magic in the association of music and summer days and nights, as the earliest poets knew. No wonder, then, that the famous Orchestral Summer Course, held annually at Queenswood School, near Hatfield, Hertfordshire, has little difficulty in attracting its 300 students from all over the country, and from as far afield as Germany, Malta and Eire. The Course, sponsored by the London Junior and



REACHING A STRING QUARTET, COACHED BY MR. DAVID MARTIN IN THE OPEN AIR, THE SMALL VISITOR PAUSES FOR A WHILE TO WATCH AND LISTEN.

Senior Orchestras, is directed by Mr. Ernest Read, and many leading virtuosos with international reputations visit the School to perform and to encourage the artists of to-morrow. A popular visitor is the president, Sir Adrian Boult, who this year went to Hatfield on August 2 and spent a full day conducting each of the three orchestras, concluding his visit by conducting a full concerto concert. No

PHOTOGRAPHS BY



STUDENTS OF THE CONDUCTING COURSE, PHOTOGRAPHED WITH THE DIRECTOR, MR. ERNEST READ (ON THE BENCH, LEFT CENTRE), AND MR. ERIC THREMAN (FRONT, CENTRE).

doubt he had a cautionary word or two for those ambitious young people who are taking the Master Course in Conducting, while Mr. Bernard Shore lent an appraising ear to the String Ensemble Class. The large majority of the students pay fees to attend the course, but eight full scholarships are awarded by certain music publishers and a further two by Queenswood School itself. Many students



ENCOURAGING THE HUNGERFORS TO ACCOMPANY HER, A YOUNG STUDENT, ATTENDING THE COURSE FROM THE ROYAL COLLEGE OF MUSIC, PERFORMS A PHRASE ON THE PICCOLO.

return to the Summer Course for years in succession. After the musical events of the day, the students usually devote the cool of the evening to—practising music. But there are other spare-time diversions, including tennis, swimming and square dancing. In short, the Orchestral Summer Course at Queenswood presents a remarkably good case for going to school in the holidays.



A BRITISH AIRCRAFT TO REPLACE THE SABRE AS THE R.A.F.'s FRONT-LINE FIGHTER: THE SWEEP-WING HAWKER HUNTER—"LOVELY TO LOOK AT AND WONDERFUL TO FLY."

The Governments of the United Kingdom and the U.S.A. have concluded arrangements under which the F.86E Sabre aircraft at present in service with the R.A.F. will shortly begin to be exchanged for Hawker Hunters, to be delivered from an offshore procurement contract which the U.S. Government has placed in the United Kingdom. Between 300 and 400 F.86E Sabres were supplied to the R.A.F. from Canada in 1952 and 1953, under a joint United States-Canadian mutual aid arrangement, and further Sabres were provided by the United States early in 1953. This assistance enabled the United Kingdom to equip part of the R.A.F. fighter force with modern swept-wing

jet aircraft at an earlier date than would otherwise have been possible, and at a critical time in our re-equipment programme. There are, however, substantial operational and logistic advantages in equipping the R.A.F. front line to the maximum possible extent with British types of aircraft. The Sabres are therefore to be transferred to the U.S. Government for re-allocation under the Mutual Defence Aid Programme, and the Hunter will take their place as the front-line fighter of the R.A.F. The U.S. contract is for 450 Hunters, most of which will go to the R.A.F. and the remainder, manufactured in Holland under licence, to the U.S. Air Force. The Hunter is a transonic single-seat

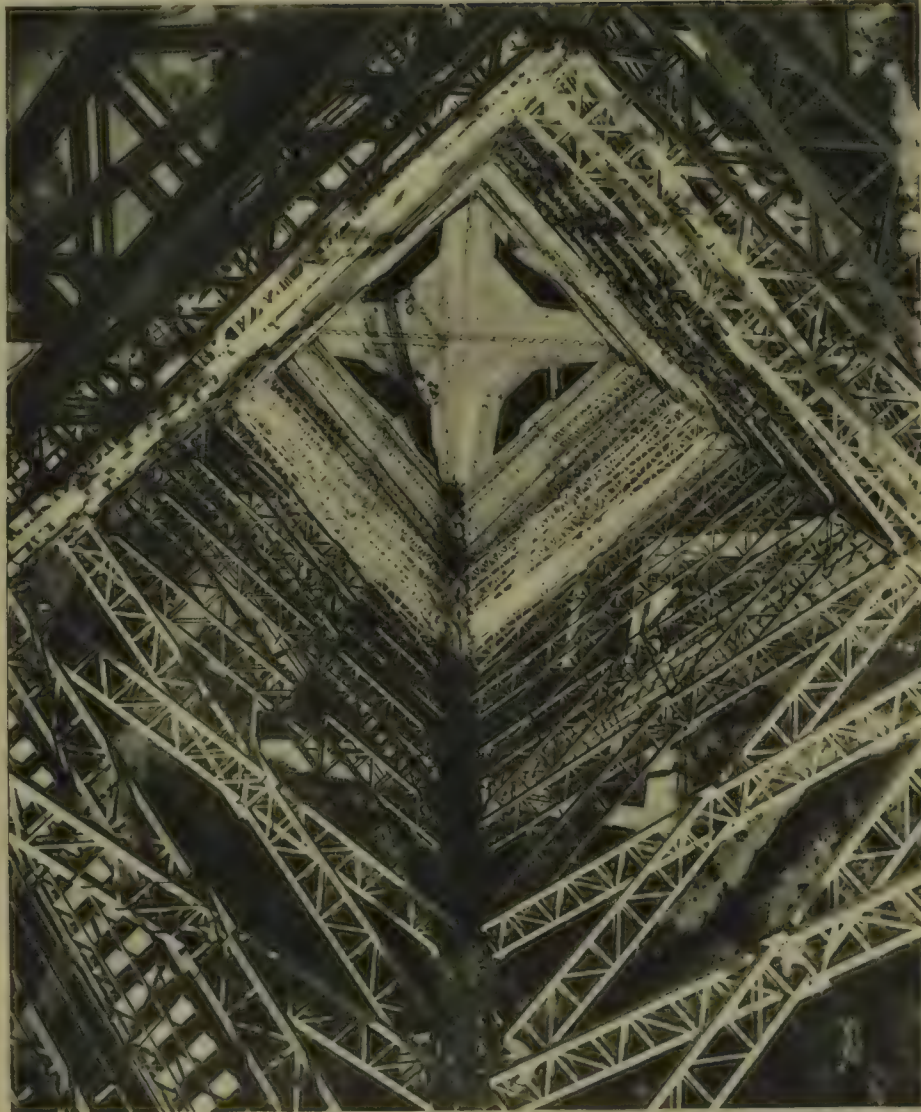
day fighter with swept wings. Its extremely clean aerodynamic design results in excellent all-round performance, and its moderate wing loading and high-power landing ensure short take-off and landing runs. It is manoeuvrable at high altitudes where transonic speeds may be achieved in dives of relatively shallow angle. The cockpit is fully pressurised and air-conditioned, and a Martin-Baker ejector seat is fitted. The Mark One prototype first flew on July 20, 1951, and the Mark Two prototype on November 30, 1952. A modification, consisting of an air brake, was ordered by the Ministry of Supply in 1954, and at the end of that year the Secretary of State

for Air, Lord De L'Isle and Dudley, V.C., was able to say: "The Hunter is a beautiful aircraft, lovely to look at, and, the pilots tell me, wonderful to fly." The wings, swept back at an angle of 40 degs, have a span of 33·67 ft. It is 45 ft. 9 ins. in length. Many details are still secret, but the Mark Three Hunter which recaptured temporarily for Britain the World's Air Speed record in 1953 reached 727·6 m.p.h. The armament of the Mark Four version consisted of four 30-mm. Aden cannon installed in the underside of the forward fuselage. The Mark Five version has an Armstrong-Siddeley Sapphire turbojet, and a Mark Six version a Rolls-Royce Avon turbojet.

SPECIALLY DRAWN FOR "THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS" BY C. E. TURNER.



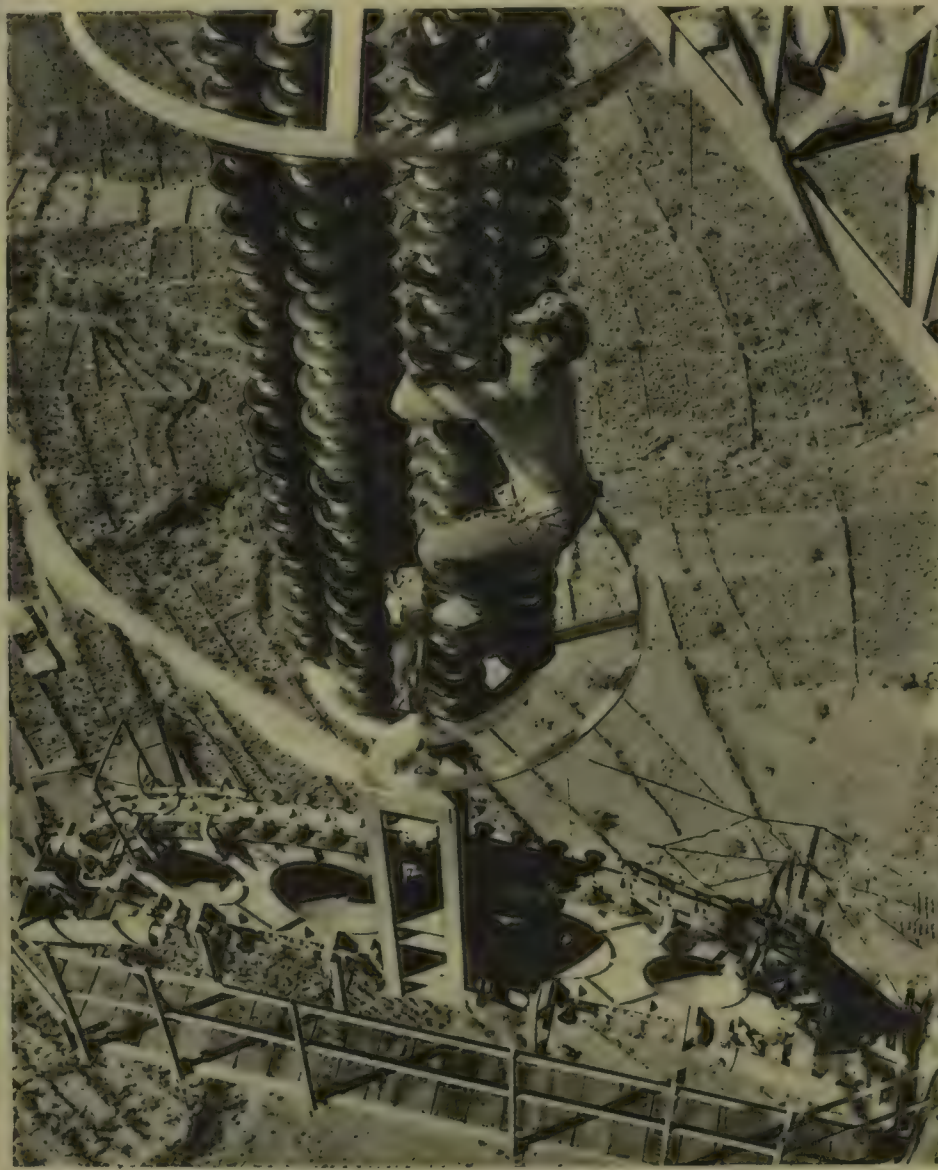
THE HAIR-RAISING TASK OF SPANNING THE STRAITS OF MESSINA WITH AN ELECTRIC CABLE: A WORKMAN ON PART OF ONE OF THE HUGE PYLONS.



A DIZZY LABYRINTH OF STRUCTURAL STEEL: THE VIEW—DOWNWARDS—FROM THE TOP OF ONE OF THE 735-FT. PYLONS, FROM WHICH THE CABLE IS BEING SWUNG.



LOOKING UP TO THE SUMMIT OF ONE OF THE TWO PYLONS—ONE IN ITALY, THE OTHER IN SICILY—WHICH ARE TO CARRY THE POWER CABLE.



SEVEN HUNDRED FEET ABOVE THE STRAITS OF MESSINA: A PHOTOGRAPH OF ONE OF THE "COMMAND TOWERS" OF THE PYLON, ALSO SHOWN, TOP LEFT.

SPANNING SCYLLA AND CHARYBDIS WITH AN ELECTRIC CABLE: ASPECTS OF A HUGE PROJECT TO BRING POWER TO SICILY.

Sicily now uses about three times more electric current than before the war and owing to the dryness of its mountains has little prospect of increasing its hydro-electric potential. The Government of Italy, in pursuance of its policy of developing the island, is therefore engaged in bringing electric power from the mainland. Two huge pylons—each about 735 ft. high—have been erected, one on either side of the Straits of Messina, from which electric power cables about 2½ miles long are to be swung across the sea, these cables being designed to stand winds of up to

100 miles an hour. The Straits were closed to shipping on July 21 to permit the passing of the cables between the two pylons, one at Punta Faro, near Messina, the other at Torre Cavallo, in Calabria. It was expected that the Straits would be reopened on August 1, but on August 5 it was learnt that two more of the pilot cables between the pylons had broken, and work on the project had been stopped for a few days. The Sicilian pylon stands within a few hundred yards of the classic whirlpool of Charybdis, in the Straits of Messina.

UNCOVERING THE LARGEST VIKING CEMETERY IN DENMARK:

LINDHOLM GRAVES LIKE STONE SHIPS, AND THE FINEST SILVER "ANGLIAN BEAST" YET FOUND.

By **DR. THORKILD RAMSKOU**, of the National Museum of Denmark, and Director of the Lindholm Excavations.

IN prehistoric times, as well as now, the Limfjord was not a real fjord, but an actual sound connecting the Kattegat with the North Sea; and the northern part of the peninsula of Jutland was then, as it is now, an island. This being so, the Limfjord was a convenient passage for ships, and in it they could find shelter against storms where they could lie up until the waves subsided and they could safely adventure into the open sea. It is not surprising, therefore, that many archaeological discoveries show that the Limfjord was a route of great importance during the last centuries of the prehistory of Denmark and in the beginning of the Middle Ages, from 600 A.D.—that is, to about 1100 A.D. One of the main trade routes between Scandinavia and Western Europe passed through the fjord; and here many a Viking fleet waited for favourable winds before setting out to raid foreign shores.

Six big burial-places of the eighth to tenth centuries are known to lie north of the Limfjord, one of them being the cemetery which lies on the hillside at Lindholm. This site has been known to be a Viking cemetery since the 1880's, but there was no excavation until those which began three years ago, carried out by the Historical Museum at Alborg, under the auspices of the National Museum at Copenhagen.

The cemetery turns out to be one of the biggest known, and is surpassed in size only by that connected with the Viking town of Birka, in Sweden (Fig. 1). Within an area of rather more than 14½ acres (6 hectares), about 550 graves have been excavated so far; and they have thrown quite a new light on some hitherto unsolved problems, owing to the fact that the graves had been covered with a huge dune of drifted sand. This makes the business of excavation rather complicated, but, at the same time, the sand has preserved many details which would have disappeared otherwise. Even though the cemetery was in use for nearly 300 years, practically all the graves have one thing in common—they are cremation graves. The dead man was wrapped in his clothes and burned, sometimes with varying quantities of grave goods and sometimes accompanied with a sheep, a dog, or a horse. The residue from the pyre was collected and placed in the cemetery, often with a clay pot on top of the charred bones. The whole was

finally covered with a protecting layer of earth, 4 or 5 ins. deep, which thus forms a "cremation patch." About three-quarters of the graves are surrounded by stone settings of different shapes (Fig. 2). In the

after death. In both worlds a ship was indispensable. Viking ship burials are well known in all parts of Scandinavia, especially in Norway. Naturally, however, it was too costly to give a real ship to every one who died. That was reserved for the most wealthy, the chieftains. It would be cheaper to suppose that the dead man was able to make use of a counterfeit ship; and so the grave-ships consisted of stones set in that form.

As in modern cemeteries, the graves at Lindholm were not constructed for eternity. Most of them had the stones plundered from them during the Viking period itself—evidently through the laziness of the new grave-builders. Many times, it seems, they lacked the energy to collect new stones, and so they stole them from older graves (Fig. 3). In the eastern part of the cemetery there must have been a great need for space at some particular time; and here, the stones having been removed from the graves, the surface was levelled with a plough and new graves were constructed on top of the old ones.

Although the Danes were not converted to Christianity until the second half of the tenth century, they gave up cremation in the beginning of that century. This appears at Lindholm, where the most recent graves are inhumations. As in the earlier graves, the grave goods are scarce, sometimes non-existent. In one grave, however, was a little amulet of amber representing the hammer of Thor (Fig. 11), showing that Christianity was still far away. In another grave were found five Kufic silver coins (Fig. 12), one made in the year 900 A.D. in far-away Tashkent, the capital of Uzbekistan—an excellent proof of the far-reaching trade routes of the Vikings.

Naturally, a cemetery of such dimensions argues a habitation settlement in the neighbourhood, and about half-a-mile north of the graveyard we had the good luck to hit upon two house sites. These do not, of course, make a town, but, in addition, two wells with oak plank-ing (Fig. 8), numerous middens and a long palisade—or stockade—indicate a habitation of a certain size. Further, the pottery found here corresponds with that from the cemetery. The presence of this settlement, lying so near the cemetery, explains how the sand-dune came to cover the cemetery and where it came from. It must have come from the fields belonging to the settlement. Drifting sand is a phenomenon all too well known in this region even to this day.

A few inhumation graves of the sixth century which were also found in the cemetery show that there was a settlement even in those early days, but beyond a doubt it was flourishing trade which made the settlement grow to become a pendant, as it were, to the town of Alborg, on the other side of the Limfjord. The near-by Lindholm River might well have formed a convenient natural harbour for people wishing to pass through the fjord.

[Continued overleaf.]



FIG. 1. PROBABLY THE LARGEST VIKING CEMETERY YET KNOWN, EXCEPT THAT OF BIRKA, IN SWEDEN: THE LINDHOLM CEMETERY IN NORTHERN DENMARK, PHOTOGRAPHED FROM THE AIR—THE VIEW FROM THE SOUTH, SHOWING THE WHOLE OF THE 14½-ACRE SITE.



FIG. 2. SHIP-SHAPED AND CIRCULAR STONE GRAVE ENCLOSURES IN THE LINDHOLM VIKING CEMETERY. IN THIS PART, EXCAVATION HAS BEEN COMPLETED, THE SITE IS GRASSED OVER AND IT HAS BEEN OPENED TO VISITORS.

part of the cemetery which dates from the eighth century and earlier, the enclosure may be triangular, circular or square (Figs. 2 and 6). But it is curious to see that the nearer we come to the Viking Age proper, the more common become the ship-shaped stone enclosures (Figs. 3, 4, 5). Evidently there was a close connection between the piratical life of the Vikings and their ideas about life in another world,

SHIP-SHAPED GRAVES AND OVAL HOUSES FROM DENMARK'S LARGEST VIKING CEMETERY.



FIG. 3. THE "GHOST" OF A VIKING STONE SHIP GRAVE. THE STONES WERE REMOVED IN ANCIENT TIMES AND SAND BLEW INTO THE HOLES, WHICH NOW SURVIVE AS WHITE PATCHES.



(ABOVE.) FIG. 4. A STONE SHIP GRAVE, NEWLY UNCOVERED AT LINDHOLM. THESE COUNTERFEIT SHIPS WERE SUBSTITUTES FOR THE COSTLY GENUINE SHIP BURIALS.



FIG. 5. A SHIP-SHAPED GRAVE ENCLOSURE AT LINDHOLM. THE STONES ARE SET UP ROUND A "CREMATION PATCH," WHICH CONTAINS, AT A DEPTH OF 3 OR 4 INS., THE ASHES OF THE DEAD MAN AND, SOMETIMES, THOSE OF AN ANIMAL, CREMATED AT THE SAME TIME.



FIG. 6. A TRIANGULAR GRAVE ENCLOSURE IN THE OLDER PART OF THE CEMETERY. IN THE CENTRE, ON TOP OF THE "CREMATION PATCH," A SMALL MENHIR STANDS.



FIG. 7. PART OF THE ELEVENTH-CENTURY SETTLEMENT WHICH GREW UP ON TOP OF THE CEMETERY: POST-HOLES MARKING THE OVAL SHAPE OF A HOUSE.



FIG. 8. IN THE OLD SETTLEMENT TO THE NORTH OF THE CEMETERY: A WELL SET WITH STONES AND FRAMED WITH STILL-PRESERVED MASSIVE OAK LOGS.

Continued.]

Time passed, the Viking period came to an end, but even in the eleventh century the Limfjord did not lose its importance as a ship passage. King Canute came from England with his fleet into the fjord, passing Agger. As told in the Saga of Harold Hardrada, that king came in with his ships from the Kattegat and escaped by dragging them overland into the open sea, and in 1085 the Danish king, Canute the Saint, collected here his fleet for the last and never-achieved attempt to reconquer England. In the eleventh century the Danes were converted to Christianity and the old cemetery on the hill-top at Lindholm was completely

covered with sand; and, most remarkably, on top of the cemetery we have found a habitation site dating from the eleventh century. Nine house sites have been uncovered. Unfortunately, no wood is preserved and only the post-holes can be seen. Although this is not yet proved, this settlement must be a descendant of the settlement which is contemporary with the cemetery. No other explanation can be possible. Two of the houses show affinities with those known from the Viking fortress of Trelleborg, being oval in shape, with curved walls (Fig. 7). That feature alone would be enough to indicate an eleventh-century dating, and objects found

[Continued opposite.]

FROM A VIKING CEMETERY: THOR'S HAMMER, COINS OF TASHKENT, AN "ANGLIAN BEAST."



FIG. 9. A PAIR OF BRONZE FIBULÆ OR BROOCHES FOUND IN AN INHUMATION GRAVE IN THE EARLIEST PART OF THE CEMETERY AND DATING FROM THE SIXTH CENTURY. SLIGHTLY ENLARGED.



FIG. 10. A BRONZE FIBULA OF THE BEGINNING OF THE NINTH CENTURY, IN THE FORM OF A BIRD SEEN FROM ABOVE, WITH WINGS CROSSED OVER THE BACK. FROM A STONE SHIP CREMATION GRAVE. SLIGHTLY ENLARGED.



FIG. 11. AN AMULET OF AMBER REPRESENTING THE HAMMER OF THE GOD THOR: TENTH CENTURY, AND REVEALING THAT THE SETTLEMENT WAS STILL PAGAN. ABOUT TWICE ACTUAL SIZE.



FIG. 12. KUFIC COINS FOUND IN AN INHUMATION GRAVE AND REVEALING THE EXTENT OF VIKING TRADE. THE ONE ON THE LEFT READS "SAMANIDE ISMAIL IBN AHMAD. KALIF MUTADID, ESCH-SCHASCH" (*i.e.*, MODERN TASHKENT), AND WITH A DATE EQUIVALENT TO 900 A.D.



FIG. 13. ONE OF THE FINEST KNOWN SILVER BROOCHES OF THE "ANGLIAN BEAST" MOTIF, WITH NIELLO INLAY. SLIGHTLY ENLARGED.



FIG. 14. PART OF A BELT OF CARVED BONE OF THE EIGHTH CENTURY. FOUND IN A "CREMATION PATCH," AND REPRODUCED SLIGHTLY ENLARGED.

Continued.
inside the houses, as well as in the numerous middens, give the same result. The most remarkable object is a silver brooch representing the "Anglian Beast" in its latest form in Scandinavia, the Urnes style (Fig. 13). From its shape it can be dated to the eleventh century, and, into the bargain, it was found with a coin struck by the German Emperor, Henry IV., between 1039 and 1045. The dating of the settlement is mainly based on the coins found, some twelve in all: one of Canute (struck in England), one of Hardicanute (struck in Alborg), seven struck in the reigns of the Danish kings, Sven and Estridsson, Harald Hen and Canute the



FIG. 15. A UNIQUELY PRESERVED CARVED BIRCH-ROOT SCOOP, THE HANDLE REPRESENTING A HORSE'S HEAD. FOUND IN THE WELL (FIG. 8). ABOUT 11½ INS. WIDE.

Saint and, finally, two of William the Conqueror and the above-mentioned German coin. None of the other objects found—loom weights, spindle whorls, axes, pottery, etc.—contradicts the dating given by the coins. Shortly after 1100 A.D. the village was abandoned for some reason or other. The excavations, which are not yet complete, may give some explanation. We do not know the original name of the settlement. The name "Lindholm" is mentioned for the first time in the beginning of the thirteenth century, when the king transferred "his property Lindholm" to the monastery called Vitskol. But what the king's property comprised is not clear, since the settlement no longer existed. Perhaps the reason why it ceased to exist was that the twelfth century was, by comparison, so peaceful that there was no longer any need to live on a windy hill-top; and so possibly the settlement removed southwards to form the present Lindholm. But that is another story.



THE current exhibition of Currier and Ives lithographs at 28, Portman Square, in aid of the Greater London Fund for the Blind, has all the charm, much of the mawkish sentiment and most of the straightforward dramatic reporting of the age of Victoria, as it unfolded itself across the great open spaces of the American continent. And who was Currier? And who was Ives? The former was a shrewd New York publisher of prints, who laid the foundations of his fortune in 1840 when, three days after the event, he produced a vivid lithograph of the burning of the steamboat *Lexington* on a voyage from New York to Stonington, Connecticut. "Awful Conflagration of the Steam Boat 'Lexington' in Long Island Sound on Monday eve, Jan. 13th, 1840, by which melancholy occurrence over 100 persons perished." The print was an enormous success, and from that year until his death in 1888 he provided a raw and rapidly expanding nation, not yet fully conscious of its destiny, with a varied series of lithographs depicting its manifold activities. It is curious to look back from this distance of time and to realise that, had his mind worked on different lines, he might well have anticipated the founder of *The Illustrated London News* by a couple of years in producing the world's first illustrated paper; as it was, he was content to remain a publisher of lithographs, large and small, plain and coloured. Prices? Wholesale (small prints), six cents each, six dollars a hundred, sixty dollars a thousand. Retail, single



FIG. 1. "THE FOUR SEASONS OF LIFE; MIDDLE AGE. THE SEASON OF STRENGTH": A LITHOGRAPH BY IVES, ON VIEW AT THE CURRENT EXHIBITION AT 28 PORTLAND SQUARE.

Frank Davis writes: this "is a pretty-pretty affair and, I imagine, of much interest to fashion experts. . . . We smile affectionately at all this and say to ourselves that such extravagancies are most unlikely to return. But if you look carefully . . . you will detect something which *has*, in fact, returned . . . the fashion of growing climbing plants *inside* the house."

invention since the time of Gutenberg, and I hope Nathaniel Currier and James Ives occasionally drank to the memory of its "onlie begetter," Aloys Senefelder (1771-1834), unsuccessful actor and playwright of Munich, who, failing to find a publisher for his own doubtless unsaleable works, experimented with the cheapest material which came his way, discarded paving-stones. He is said to have begun in the conventional manner, by etching the stone and printing from that. Then, in 1798, either by chance or, more likely, by assiduous experiment, he hit upon the process which made the fortune of so many. He himself, probably because he lacked business acumen, made little or nothing from it.

It is no disrespect to Currier and Ives to note here that, apart from popular enterprises, the process has been used—and used magnificently—by innumerable independent artists from Goya to Picasso. The former's four bull-fights, issued at Bordeaux in 1815, are universally recognised as one of the finest achievements in lithography. Of our own people, probably the best-known worker in the medium was Thomas Shotter Boys (1803-1874), with his views of English and Continental cities, while Americans can claim Whistler—indeed, many men whose judgment I respect consider that mercurial, quarrelsome individual the finest exponent of the craft in nineteenth-century England.

The informative introduction to the catalogue, quoting from the standard work on the subject—"Currier and Ives: Printmakers to the American People," by Harry T. Peters (New York, 1942; Doubleday's), reveals several points which seem to me to be of special interest. One is that the original Currier formula for making lithographic ink exists—an odd concoction of beef suet, goose grease, white wax, Castile soap, gum mastic, shellac and gas black—which sounds like a notable witch's brew, minus a frog or two and finger of a new-born babe. Another

is that *all* the lithographs were printed in monochrome and coloured by hand by a staff of a dozen young women, mostly of German descent, who sat at long tables, each putting on one colour only and working from a master-copy set up in the middle. Not, you will agree, a method by which great works, or even minor works of art, can be produced, but good industrial practice for a popular market. Many prints were sold for use in schools for children to colour themselves. The stone came from that same quarry at Solenhofen, near Munich, from which came the stone with which Senefelder had made his experiments.

The exhibition, which is to continue until August 27, is enlivened by a last-minute addition of a series of plates by the firm of Copeland specially prepared for the occasion from the old engravings on copper. The popularity of Currier and Ives prints was so great that

enterprising stores in America ordered table services bearing reproductions of the more famous examples and to suit their particular area. Thus, Longfellow's House (Fig. 3)—and what a nice house, beyond the reach of much better poets!—is one of a series intended for the Boston market, while another with the *Robt. E. Lee*, was designed for St. Louis.

In contrast to these straightforward views, I illustrate two lithographs which are so endearingly and mawkishly sentimental that, as insular Britishers, we are tempted to be indignant with America for daring to be even more Victorian than we were ourselves. Let "The Lovers' Reconciliation" speak for itself and let treacle addicts gather round and cheer. This is the year 1846, when Currier was the sole proprietor (Fig. 2). I note that Fig. 1, "Middle Age," one of the series "The Four Seasons of Life," is by Ives. It is a pretty-pretty affair and, I imagine, of much interest to fashion experts; I myself have a hankering after the gentleman's hat, with its elegant fore-and-aft rake. The hat-stand is a notable and excruciating monstrosity, and so is the vase of flowers in the corner. We smile affectionately at all this and say to ourselves that such extravagancies are most unlikely to return. But if you look carefully at the scene, you will



FIG. 2. "ENDEARINGLY AND MAWKISHLY SENTIMENTAL": "THE LOVERS' RECONCILIATION," A LITHOGRAPH EXECUTED BY CURRIER IN 1846, WHEN HE WAS THE SOLE PROPRIETOR OF THE FIRM.

Frank Davis describes this lithograph as being "so endearingly and mawkishly sentimental that, as insular Britishers, we are tempted to be indignant with America for daring to be even more Victorian than we were ourselves." It is on view at "Victorian America; an Exhibition of Currier and Ives Lithographs of Early American Life" (at 28, Portman Square, in aid of the Greater London Fund for the Blind), which is discussed in the article on this page.

prints from fifteen to twenty-five cents; folio size and coloured, one dollar fifty to three dollars.

Ives was first an employee (1852) and became a partner in 1857. Later the firm boasted, and not without reason, that for half a century they had created three works of art a week to suit all tastes and at the lowest possible prices. Small wonder that,



FIG. 3. BEARING A REPRESENTATION OF LONGFELLOW'S HOUSE, CAMBRIDGE, BOSTON: A MODERN COPY BY SPODE-COPELANDS OF A PIECE FROM THE SERIES ORIGINALLY MANUFACTURED BY STEARNS OF BOSTON AFTER THE CURRIER AND IVES LITHOGRAPH.

"The popularity of Currier and Ives prints was so great that enterprising stores in America ordered table services bearing reproductions of the more famous examples and to suit their particular area. Thus Longfellow's House . . . is one of a series intended for the Boston market."

detect something which *has*, in fact, returned—at least in some quarters—in recent years, the fashion of growing climbing plants *inside* the house. Behind the vase is certainly some kind of climber growing up to the ceiling and along the upper edge of the window. Every five years or so I buy a hat. Who knows?—perhaps the next time I shall be offered one just like this, the very latest thing for St. James's Street on a May morning.

FRENCH PAINTINGS: FOR A NEW GALLERY IN THE TOLEDO MUSEUM, OHIO.



"ANNUNCIATION"; BY E. LE SUEUR (1617-1655). (Oil on canvas; 61½ by 49½ ins.) (Gift of Mr. Edward Drummond Libbey.)



"SELF-PORTRAIT"; BY MAURICE QUENTIN DE LA TOUR (1704-1788). (Pastel; 21½ by 18½ ins.) (Gift of Mr. Edward Drummond Libbey.)



"THE PRINCESS DE ROHAN"; BY JEAN MARC NATTIER (1683-1766). PAINTED IN 1741. (Oil on canvas; 57½ by 34½ ins.)



"LANDSCAPE, WITH NYMPH AND SATYR DANCING"; BY CLAUDE GELLEE, CALLED LE LORRAIN, [1600-1682.] A POETIC LANDSCAPE WITH CLASSICAL FIGURES. (Oil on canvas; 39½ by 52½ ins.)



"MARS AND VENUS"; BY NICOLAS POUSSIN (1594-1665). (Oil on canvas; 62 by 74½ ins.) (Presented in 1954 by Mr. Edward Drummond Libbey, who, with Mrs. Libbey, founded the Museum.)



"THE MILL AT CHARENTON"; BY FRANÇOIS BOUCHER (1703-1770), FORMERLY IN THE ROTHSCHILD COLLECTION. (Oil on canvas; 44½ by 57½ ins.) (Presented to the Toledo Museum in 1954 by Mr. Edward Drummond Libbey.)

Continued.]

gallery, devoted to seventeenth- and eighteenth-century French painting, will be opened to the public. The works which will be displayed in this new section include several recent acquisitions not previously shown, as well as treasures which have been in the gallery's possession for some time. The new acquisitions—some of

THE Toledo Museum of Art, Ohio, in the Middle West of the United States of America, was founded in 1901 by Mr. and Mrs. Edward Drummond Libbey "for the benefit of those who seek self-improvement." In its School of Design free art and music appreciation courses may be followed; and its collection of European and American paintings, which numbers over 600, includes examples by such famous artists as El Greco, Goya, Holbein, Rembrandt, Le Nain, Filippino Lippi, Cézanne, Gauguin and Van Gogh. In November it is hoped that a new

[Continued below,



"BAGPIPES AND VIOLIN"; BY JEAN-BAPTISTE OUDRY (1686-1755), A CHARMING WORK TO BE SHOWN IN THE NEW TOLEDO MUSEUM GALLERY. (Oval; 34½ by 25½ ins.)

which were previously unannounced—include the Boucher, Poussin and La Tour which we reproduce, and also "The Dance in the Park," by Lancret, all of which have been presented through the munificence of Mr. Edward Drummond Libbey. A number of these works were formerly in famous collections.

Reproduced by courtesy of the Toledo Museum of Art.



A THEORY has been put forward that the parental instinct in human beings is called forth by sign stimuli provided by the human baby. It has not been subject to close experimentation but rests upon very indirect evidence. The main arguments used to support it are threefold. First, that dolls are so made that they carry these sign stimuli, which are a short face in relation to a large forehead, protruding cheeks and maladjusted limb movements. The second argument is that the film industry, in order to make the greatest appeal to its patrons, seeks to put on the screen infants having these characteristics to an ideal extent. The third argument is that childless women seek substitutes for babies in pets, and that the pets they choose are Pekinese dogs, short-billed birds, and so on. Briefly, then, the parental instinct is called forth by the sight of a baby, and substitutes having especially the short face will do the same thing.

As originally postulated, the theory went no further than this. Even so, it is based on comparatively uncertain ground: to begin with, it would surely be unreasonable, in presenting a girl with a toy supposed to represent a baby, not to make that toy represent a baby as nearly as possible. Further than this, however, we have the fact that when, in wartime Europe, toys were almost unobtainable, small girls accepted the most unlikely substitutes. A piece of stick wrapped in a rag was sufficient. A similar treatment can be used for the second argument, that it would be unreasonable surely if the film industry did not seek the ideal juvenile, just as they seek the (supposed) ideal women and men. I cannot recall that any of the juvenile idols of the screen appealed to audiences by reason of maladjusted limb movements. On the other hand, Pinocchio, with his long beak of a nose, was a great success. Thirdly, the pets of women, childless or not, tend to follow fashions. At the moment, the dachshund seems to be enjoying a vogue and pet magpies, rooks and jackdaws are by no means unknown. The small birds with short beaks in relation to the forehead happen to be those most easily kept in small cages.

There is no question but that a human audience readily responds to young humans or young animals. A cinema audience will murmur in chorus the moment a close-up appears on the screen of a baby, a puppy or a kitten. On the other hand, they will be relatively unmoved by the sight, on the screen or in real life, of a baby hippopotamus. They will flock in thousands to a zoo to see a baby polar bear, but in the same institution will pass, unmoved, cages containing young of other animals with equally short muzzles in relation to the forehead, and equally maladjusted limb movements. A new-born giraffe, on the other hand, or a lamb will attract considerable attention, although both can move with agility at a very early age. And as to the giraffe, if we look closely we find that the proportions of muzzle to forehead, and indeed all proportions of the body, do not differ perceptibly from those of an adult. If we consider a wide enough range of young animals and the human reactions evoked at sight of them, our net gain will be a mass of contradictions.

This suggests one thing at least, that human beings are conditioned from an early age to all manner of young things, and by the time they reach maturity, the time when the parental instinct is fully ready to be evoked, they have learned to associate certain sign stimuli with infancy. As to the short-muzzle theory, one thing especially that led me to doubt its validity was the sentimental attention bestowed by all and sundry on a fox cub being carried by a girl through our village. A fox cub can only be described as a sharp-nosed little carnivore, charming and appealing, but sharp-nosed all the same—and its limbs are not particularly maladjusted by the time it comes out into the light.

Unfortunately, the theory appears to have been extended beyond what its author originally intended. The short muzzle

THE MATERNAL BOND.

By MAURICE BURTON, D.Sc.

or short face has become accepted almost as the touchstone for evoking sympathy from man and beast alike. This is very natural. It is difficult to suppose that if these sign stimuli really do operate in human beings they are not operative with monkeys and



A SLOW LORIS WITH ITS YOUNG. ALTHOUGH BOTH ANIMALS ARE SO ALIKE IN APPEARANCE AND PROPORTIONS, THEY ARE STILL PERCEPTIBLY ADULT AND YOUNG. IT IS NOT THE PROPORTIONS OF THE BODY WHICH INDICATE INFANCY IN THIS SPECIES, BUT THE TEXTURE OF THE COAT AND THE EXPRESSION ON THE FACE.



A COLLIE BITCH NURSING TWO OF HER OWN PUPPIES AND TWO PUPPIES FROM A MANED WOLF (LEFT). Bitches are often used to foster orphaned puppies or young which are not their own, but theory has it that the parental instinct, in human beings and probably other species, hinges largely on the sight of a face short in relation to the head. Is a bitch used to identifying everything by smell, and having only mediocre eyesight, actuated by the sight of a short muzzle, or are there other factors involved?

Photographs reproduced by courtesy of the Zoological Society of San Diego.

apes. Once we have crossed the border between the realms of human and animal behaviour our feet are on a slippery slope. It is difficult then to avoid extending our thesis until we accept the shortened muzzle and its

associated visual stimuli with a parental instinct in all mammals and birds, and other things besides. This is only logical, for no sharp line of demarcation can be made between animal and human behaviour. It is natural, also, because the short face and maladjusted limb movements are so widely a feature of infancy.

The moment we step over the border, as I have said, our feet are indeed on a slippery slope. We have then to explain why a bitch will go into the fields and bring in young rabbits and adopt them, yet the same bitch, under other circumstances, will dig out and kill young rabbits. There are shortened muzzles and maladjusted limb movements in both instances. We also have to explain infanticide as well as the parental care bestowed by animal mothers whose litters are born in the dark, in a burrow, earth, den or set, and do not see the light of day until their limb movements are becoming adjusted. Among a large range of animals, at all events, the stimuli calling forth the parental instinct must be operative in the dark.

Suppose we limit the theory to apply only to human beings, there are still difficult obstacles to surmount. For example, it is impossible to believe that this particular phenomenon has come into being with the use of artificial illumination. Then we must suppose it was already present in early man. That being so, if the emergence of a parental instinct is dependent solely upon seeing something, the short face and so on, we must suppose that in prehistoric times any baby born during the night had to wait for the dawn before the mother paid any attention to it.

As I have said, there is no question whatever that the infant does call forth a parental response. What we need to decide is what precisely is responsible for this. On this point, the principle of the theory under discussion is correct—namely, that it is some sensory stimulus which is responsible. But it is pointless talking about dolls, babies in prams, cinema films or pets. What we need to know is, what is it that operates at the moment a baby is born? What makes a mother take her new-born to herself? Perhaps we have a clue to this in the behaviour of monkeys. It has been found that in captivity most females will accept their newly-born infants without hesitation. Some there have been, however, which pay no attention to the infants until they cry. In all instances, we have the sense of touch in operation, but in some the sense of hearing must be stimulated to bring it into operation. This seems to me to be a far more logical path to pursue. Birth, whether of human or animal young, can occur at any time of the twenty-four hours, and the parental instinct must necessarily be evoked by stimuli that operate equally in darkness or in light. Sound and touch are both independent of light.

There is a supporting argument for this. No animal lacks a sense of touch. Few among those showing a parental care lack a sense of hearing. To find those that do lack it we must go to millipedes, earwigs, the few species of fishes that show a parental care, and that is about all. If we suppose that touch and hearing provide the primary stimuli evoking the parental instinct, then our theory is capable of wide application and can include even the blind or near-blind moles and bats bearing their babies in dark caverns. Correlated with this is the other fact that with all animals showing a parental care, apart from the exceptions already listed, the young early give voice, and use the voice to attract attention when hungry or in other emergencies. On this thesis, the visual stimuli can be accepted as of secondary importance, the result of association.

Old people have wrinkled faces. Therefore wrinkles cause old age. This is false logic, but it seems to me to be comparable with the logic behind our present theory. Thus, babies evoke a parental instinct, babies have short faces in relation to the forehead, therefore short faces evoke the parental instinct. You can ignore the baby belonging to someone else, however short its face, but you cannot do this when it cries.

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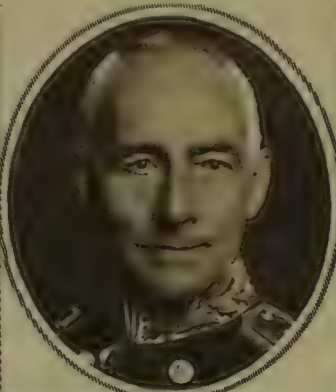
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PEOPLE AND EVENTS OF THE WEEK:

PERSONALITIES IN THE PUBLIC EYE



A WELL-KNOWN TRADE UNIONIST DIES: SIR ARTHUR PUGH.
The death was announced on August 2 of Sir Arthur Pugh, the noted Trade Union leader. He was eighty-five. At the time of the General Strike, in 1926, he was chairman of the General Council of the T.U.C., and was also General Secretary of the Iron and Steel Trades Confederation for nineteen years.



DIED AGED EIGHTY-THREE: SURG. VICE-ADM. SIR R. BOND.
Director-General of the Naval Medical Service from 1931-34, Surgeon Vice-Admiral Sir Reginald Bond died on July 27. After qualifying in medicine and studying psychiatry he joined the R.N.M.S. in 1898, and was promoted Surgeon Rear-Admiral in 1926. After his retirement he was Governor of Queen Mary's Hospital, Roehampton.



DIED AGED EIGHTY-SIX: CROWN PRINCE RUPPRECHT OF BAVARIA.
The head of the former ruling house of Wittelsbach, Crown Prince Rupprecht died on August 2. He was held in deep respect and nearly 200,000 people attended his funeral in the Theatiner Kirche, Munich. A highly-trained professional soldier, he commanded the 6th German Army in World War I. He was descended from James I.'s daughter, Elizabeth of Bohemia.



A U.S. RECORD-BREAKER IN LONDON: MAJ. C. E. YEAGER.
The principal speaker at a luncheon given by a London rotary club on August 3 was Major Charles E. Yeager, of the U.S. Air Force, who in December 1953 flew at over 1600 miles an hour, more than twice the speed of sound. This was achieved in a rocket-propelled research aircraft, the Bell X-1A, in a test flight from Edwards Base.



APPOINTED A B.B.C. GOVERNOR: SIR EDWARD C. BENTHALL.
Sir Edward Benthall, who is sixty-one, and has had a very distinguished business and public career in India, has been appointed to the Board of Governors of the British Broadcasting Corporation until June 30, 1960. Sir Edward has led two British Government missions to the Middle East in the last three years.



AN EMINENT PSYCHOLOGIST DIES: DR. J. C. FLUGEL.
For many years Assistant Professor of Psychology at University College, London, and a leading British writer in the Freudian School of Psychoanalysis, Dr. Flugel died at his home in London on August 6, aged seventy-one. He was president of the British Psychological Society from 1932-35. His books reached a wide public.



REPATRIATED AFTER BEING HELD PRISONERS BY THE CHINESE COMMUNIST GOVERNMENT: THE ELEVEN AMERICAN AIRMEN, PHOTOGRAPHED IN HONG KONG.
The eleven American airmen who were shot down in 1953 during the Korea War, and held prisoners by the Chinese Government, finally reached Hong Kong on August 4 after being released by the Communists. Photographed above, they are (l. to r., back) Colonel J. K. Arnold, Captain E. F. Llewellyn, Lieutenant J. W. Buck, Airman 2nd Cl. J. W. Thompson, Lieutenant W. L. Brown, Captain E. J. Vaadi, Major W. H. Baumer, Airman 1st Cl. S. Kiba. (l. to r., front): Sergeant H. Brown, Airman 2nd Cl. D. Schmidt, Airman 2nd Cl. H. M. Benjamin. Colonel Arnold, leader of the mission on which the men were shot down, told of repeated torture and humiliations at the hands of his captors, and his sufferings were shared, in some measure, by the other members of the aircrew.



A WOMAN GEOLOGIST'S NEW MUSEUM APPOINTMENT: DR. HELEN M. MUIR-WOOD.
Dr. Helen Marguerite Muir-Wood is the first woman to reach the rank of Deputy Keeper in the British Museum (Natural History). She joined the Department of Geology in 1922 and is principal scientific officer, and she has now been appointed to be Deputy Keeper in the Department.



RESIGNED AS PRIME MINISTER OF PAKISTAN: MR. MOHAMMED ALI.
The Prime Minister of Pakistan, Mr. Mohammed Ali, tendered his resignation on August 7 after a six-hour meeting of the Muslim League Parliamentary Party, during which the party had refused to approve him as their leader. Mr. Mohammed Ali, who is forty-six, became Prime Minister in April 1953. He was asked to continue in office till a new Ministry was sworn in.



COMMANDING AN AUSTRALIAN WARSHIP ON A BRITISH VISIT: COMMANDER D. C. WELLS.
H.M.S. *Queenborough*, a fast anti-submarine frigate of the Royal Australian Navy, paid a courtesy visit to the Pool of London on August 2. Believed to be the first time that a warship of the Royal Australian Navy ever proceeded up the Thames, the vessel, due to stay until August 8, was commanded by Commander D. C. Wells.



RESPONSIBLE FOR THE WORK OF THE R.A.F. MOUNTAIN RESCUE UNITS: SQUADRON-LEADER A. R. GORDON-CUMMING.
The first full-time inspector of mountain rescue since the original R.A.F. Mountain Rescue Unit was formed in Anglesey during the last war has been appointed by the Air Ministry. He is Squadron-Leader A. R. Gordon-Cumming, fighter-pilot, R.A.F. Mountaineer, and a former member of the Air Ministry Selection Board. In his new post he will also be responsible for the organisation of jungle and desert rescue teams overseas.



SETTLING IN THE U.S.A.: EX-KING ZOG OF ALBANIA (LEFT), WITH HIS WIFE AND SON.
It was announced on July 28 that ex-King Zog of Albania is to leave for the United States in a few weeks time to settle on the estate he has bought on Long Island. In the meantime, he is staying on the French Riviera with his wife, Queen Geraldine, and their son, Prince Alexander. Apart from his family and members of his suite, it is probable that the ex-King will take with him to his new home his crown, the family jewels and an extensive library.



BRITISH GLIDING CHAMPION FOR THE FIFTH TIME: MR. PHILIP WILLS.
At the end of the National Gliding Championships, held at Lasham Aerodrome, Hampshire, from July 23 to August 1, it was announced that the individual gliding champion of Britain was Mr. Philip Wills, aged forty-eight, who secured 492 points out of a possible 500. Mr. Wills is a former world champion and has been the British champion several times. The runner-up was Lieut.-Colonel A. J. Deane-Drummond with 440 points, followed by Mr. David Ince with 430.

EVENTS AND PLACES IN THE NEWS: A CAMERA SYMPOSIUM.



PREPARING FOR A FURTHER TEST AT SUPERSONIC SPEEDS: THE U.S. ROCKET SLED, CLAIMED TO BE THE WORLD'S FASTEST LAND VEHICLE.

Claimed to be the world's fastest land vehicle, this rocket sled, built by the Radioplane Company for the U.S. Air Force, has reached speeds of 1100 m.p.h. on the 10,000 ft.-long rocket sled track at Edwards Field, California. The after-portion can carry up to eight rockets for the initial thrust.



MOVING PAST THE EQUESTRIAN STATUE OF LUDWIG I.: THE BODY OF CROWN PRINCE RUPPRECHT, BEING BORNE IN PROCESSION TO BURIAL IN MUNICH.

Thousands lined the streets of Munich on August 6 to watch the funeral procession of Crown Prince Rupprecht of Bavaria. He was buried in the crypt of the Theatiner Church. The Federal Deputy Chancellor attended the funeral, together with almost all the nobility of Southern Germany.



SEARCHING A PRIVATE BUS DURING THE CYPRUS RIOTING: HUNDREDS OF RIOTERS ATTACKED PUBLIC BUILDINGS AND BRITISH SHOPS IN NICOSIA DURING THE VIOLENT DEMONSTRATIONS MARKING THE END OF A TWENTY-FOUR-HOUR GENERAL STRIKE.



USING TEAR-GAS, POLICE IN NICOSIA ATTEMPT TO CURB THE RIOTS FOLLOWING THE GENERAL STRIKE CALLED IN PROTEST AGAINST THE COLONY'S NEW ANTI-TERRORIST DETENTION LAW.



LEADING AWAY ONE OF THE RIOTERS: AN INCIDENT DURING THE DEMONSTRATIONS BY GREEK CYPRIOTS, IN WHICH EXTENSIVE DAMAGE WAS DONE TO BRITISH PROPERTY. FIVE YOUTHS WERE SUBSEQUENTLY ARRESTED. THERE WERE NO FATAL CASUALTIES.



AN EASY WAY OF REACHING THE TOP: SCOTLAND'S NEW SKI-TOW BY GLENCOE, WHICH MAY ENCOURAGE SKIERS TO STAY IN BRITAIN FOR THE WINTER SPORTS.

Few people appreciate the extent to which ski-ing is possible in Scotland, and at last a ski tow adds to the amenities. Built on Meall a' Bhuiridh, by Glencoe, it is roughly half-a-mile long and gives an ascent of 1000 ft. It is designed to give 240 lifts an hour.



PRESENTED TO THE NATIONAL TRUST COMMITTEE FOR NORTHERN IRELAND: HISTORIC DERRY-MORE HOUSE, THE REPUTED SCENE OF A FAMOUS OCCASION.

Recently given to the Northern Ireland National Trust by its owner, the historic single-storeyed mansion, Derry-more House, near Bessbrook, County Armagh, is reputed to have been the place where the Act of Union between Great Britain and Ireland was signed in 1801. It will shortly be opened to the public.

LAND, SEA AND AIR DISASTERS, AND AN ATOMS-FOR-PEACE INNOVATION.



HEELING OVER AFTER RUNNING AGROUND ON A REEF NEAR GRAND HARBOUR, MALTA: THE *STAR OF MALTA*, FROM WHICH TWO WERE LOST.

Seventy passengers and crew swam ashore or were picked up by small boats when the British ship *Star of Malta*, 1114 tons, ran aground on a reef off Malta in thick mist on July 29. The second cook and a woman passenger were drowned in the disaster.



WEARING LIFE-JACKETS, SURVIVORS FROM THE *STAR OF MALTA* CLAMBER TO SAFETY. HUNDREDS OF PEACHES, PART OF THE SHIP'S DECK CARGO, FLOAT AMONG THEM.

Forming the only regular sea-link between Malta and Sicily, the motor-vessel *Star of Malta* was carrying a deck-cargo of peaches, and when Royal Marine frogmen went to the wrecked ship they pushed their way through hundreds of the floating fruit. A thick mist hindered the rescue operations.



SHOT DOWN OVER BULGARIA, WITH THE LOSS OF FIFTY-EIGHT LIVES: THE ISRAELI *CONSTELLATION* AIRLINER, BOUND FOR TEL-AVIV.

Admitting that the Israeli *Constellation* airliner, which crashed near the Greek-Bulgarian border on July 27, was shot down by two of their fighters, the Bulgarian Government expressed regret and offered compensation. Fifty-eight lives were lost in the crash.



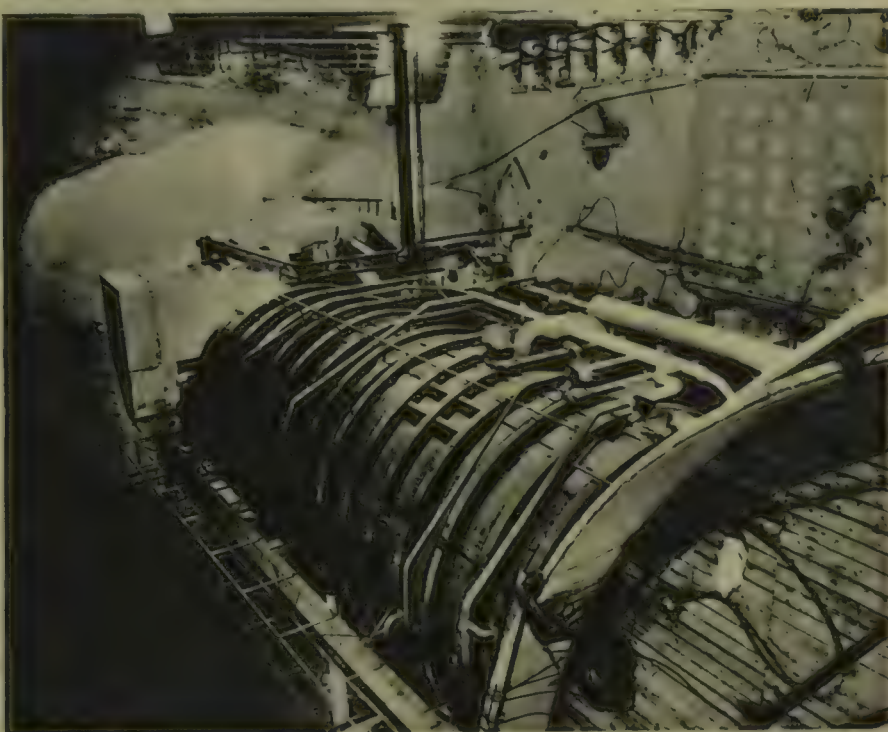
COACHES AND ENGINE SMASHED AND OVERTURNED AFTER THE MANCHESTER-MARYLEBONE EXPRESS JUMPED THE RAILS NEAR RUGBY, KILLING THE DRIVER AND INJURING NINETEEN.

The driver was killed and nineteen were hurt when the engine and most of the coaches of a Manchester-Marylebone express jumped the rails and plunged down an embankment at Barby, near Rugby, on August 7.



HOUSING THE LAND-BASED PROTOTYPE OF AN AMERICAN ATOMIC SUBMARINE ENGINE, NOW USED TO PROVIDE ELECTRICITY FOR PUBLIC CONSUMPTION.

On July 18, at Schenectady, New York, atomically generated electric power was used for the first time for industrial purposes when Mr. Lewis Strauss, chairman of the Atomic Energy Commission, set in motion a land-based prototype of the atomic engine to be used in *Seawolf*, America's second atomic submarine.



AN ATOMIC SUBMARINE ENGINE SENDING ELECTRIC POWER TO FARMS AND FACTORIES: PART OF THE WATER TANK SURROUNDING THE REACTOR SECTION.

The atomic power generated by the prototype at the West Milton site was channelled by the Niagara-Mohawk Power Corporation to Schenectady. Mr. Strauss pointed out that as the mere by-product of a non-commercial reactor, up to 10,000,000 watts of electricity would be turned over to the public for peaceful uses.

THE WORLD OF THE THEATRE.

VEX NOT HIS GHOST.

By J. C. TREWIN.

"VEX not his ghost!" says Kent towards the close of "The Tragedy of King Lear." I commend this to Isamu Noguchi, designer of the *décor* at the Palace Theatre, and to Sir John Gielgud and George Devine, who have connived at an alarming production.

All that we ask of costumes and settings in a "Lear" is that they should be unobtrusive; we do not want them to be forced upon our notice. The play (to mint a phrase) is the thing. Komisarjevsky, it is true, secured some fantastic effects at Stratford-upon-Avon twenty years ago; his *décor*, worrying at times, did not cloud the tragedy, though the Lear, Randle Ayrton, who, for all his gritty voice, could move a house to tears, had better treatment in the strong, simple Bridges-Adams revival of 1931. I doubt whether anyone who heard him has forgotten Ayrton's "We two alone will sing like birds in the cage."

Sir John Gielgud, Mr. Devine (the director) and Mr. Noguchi (the Japanese sculptor) have had the admittedly laudable notion that nothing should interfere with the words of the play. No one quarrels with that, and it looks well in the programme: "We have tried to present the places and the characters in a very simple and basic manner, for the play to come to life through the words and the acting." There my enthusiasm faints; the "simple and basic" manner prescribed by Mr. Noguchi and his partners means that, at nearly every stage of the tragedy, we are baffled and distracted by some fresh excrescence of setting and costume. Indeed, I cannot imagine a revival more calculated to withdraw our minds from the "timeless, universal and mythical quality of the story" (again the programme), or from Shakespeare's text. We think of another Lear and of the Jumbies who went to sea in a sieve.

That is sad, for the tragedy is ruined, and Gielgud's Lear hampered at every move. It is his fourth tussle with the part. We had hoped that in this revival—by the Stratford-upon-Avon "away" cast—he would have come out in full blaze. Five years ago, at Stratford, he took the mind in the first half of the play without taking the heart. The second half was exciting. Surely, we said, at the Palace he must complete the picture.

Farewell to hope. Sir John appears before us nearly smothered in a vast hanging fringe of white beard, wearing upon his head a knobby crown of uncompromising ugliness, and carrying what looks like an eccentric hearth-brush. He holds court in a palace (Scene: Britain) that has more to do with Euclid than Shakespeare. And he is most oddly attended by courtiers who wear queer coif-and-portcullis outfits, and who are obviously from some tall story of science fiction. It is a dangerous beginning, and the night soon falls about us in shreds. The costumes, with their Japanese suggestions, thrust our minds as far from "Lear" as possible. I found myself murmuring Gilbert's "If you want to know who we are, we are gentlemen of Japan."

The stage which appears (as a colleague said to me) to be marked out as a badminton court, is strewn with geometrical or symbolic shapes and haunted by blocks of scenery that slide, gyrate and sway into place with an effect often irresistibly comic. During the storm a kind of bloated cushion hovers above the stage—to show, maybe, that it is a storm indeed. While watching it anxiously, I remembered Trinculo's "Yond black cloud... looks like a foul black bombard that would spend his liquor," and forgot that the business

in hand was the tragedy of "King Lear." For a moment the wavy lighting of the Storm backcloth impresses, but it soon becomes glumly obtrusive. I doubt whether I need go on to speak of a flapping "hovel," the precarious chairs, the Oriental snickersnees, the accompanying of the Recognition scene by what appears to be the winding up and down of

to find Cordelia by him (Gielgud here can defeat the sunblind); and when, at the last, after shaking his hanged daughter wildly, like a doll in his arms, he collapses in death, and Kent says: "Vex not his ghost!" This is Gielgud as we like to think of him; but the rest of the performance has gone astray: he seems to have lost touch with his audience. We wait for the shattering effect that will make us forget the frame—and our wait is fruitless.

Anthony Nicholls' Kent has a welcome clear force; George Devine does something with Gloucester. But we have to regret that Helen Cherry and Moira Lister, as the wicked sisters, are overwhelmed by their semi-Japanese garments, that the diction of Harold Lang's Edmund is blurred, and that Claire Bloom's Cordelia says nothing to the heart. (One remembered how much Peggy Ashcroft had got from Cordelia's ninety-four lines.) And the Fool? David O'Brien, a clever young actor, has to present a starveling figure with what looks like the misconceived make-up of a circus clown.

It is tragic to see the great play botched, especially when, so we gather, all is done "in reverent care" of it. The Lears of our time have made an uncommon muster-roll: Ayrton, Devlin, Gielgud himself, Olivier, Redgrave, Wolfitt, one or two others. But before Gielgud essays the part again, he will have to forget these trimmings and let us hear and see the tragedy undisturbed. As it is, we echo the King's line to the Fool: "I do not like the fashion of your garments. You'll say they are Persian attire, but let them

be changed."

When the curtain rose at the Haymarket première of "Nina," Michael Hordern, one of our distinguished classical actors, was stretched out in a Paris flat, wearing (I believe) a cherry-coloured smoking-jacket and cooing into the telephone. At first, one would have called this a waste of an actor, but, as the night went on, Mr. Hordern's technique (and the cunning manner in which he suggested an element of the spoilt child) endeared us to the Parisian philanderer. He is one of the sides of the "Nina" triangle. André Roussin's farce, translated by Arthur Macrae, has reached the Haymarket, and its troubles, we hope, are over.

It is a feather-slight piece, but pleasant on a summer evening. No doubt we shall hear that it has been done better in France, and that Roussin is an exceptionally wise dramatist. I am not concerned with the past of "Nina"; the play is being done very well in London. Its main fault, fortunately not disastrous, is Roussin's

resolve to be knowing about love and life. Nina has some dollops of sententious oratory, and Coral Browne, apt comedienne that she is, enjoys herself better when she can be lightly amusing without fuss.

We lose our hearts to her husband as acted by James Hayter. The little dormouse of a man is overcome by the presumed joys of a libertine's life. He would be an agreeably eager fellow if he were not determined to use his revolver at any moment, reasonable or unreasonable.

There is no need to discuss the plot. We have lover, mistress-and-wife, and husband, with Nina in supreme command. The play is gayest when it is most nonsensical. Its humour is, so to speak, timeless, simple and basic. Where have we heard that before?



"ONE OF THE ODDEST REVIVALS OF 'LEAR' IT HAS BEEN OUR FATE TO MEET": "KING LEAR" (PALACE), SHOWING THE HOVEL SCENE WITH (L. TO R.) KENT (ANTHONY NICHOLLS); GLOUCESTER (GEORGE DEVINE); LEAR (JOHN GIELGUD); FOOL (DAVID O'BRIEN) AND EDGAR (RICHARD EASTON).

sunblinds, and the blood-red kite-shapes that dominate the stage at the last.

In short, all elaborate and distracting where it should have been simple and basic. The pity of it is that Gielgud's Lear has suffered in the same way. Until the end it is drained of pathos. One realises that the actor is intellectually in key, but the verse has for once to take second place to his assumption of age. I was



"THE PLAY IS GAYEST WHEN IT IS MOST NONSENSICAL": "NINA" (HAYMARKET), SHOWING A SCENE FROM THE FARCE BY ANDRÉ ROUSSIN, TRANSLATED BY ARTHUR MACRAE, WITH (L. TO R.) GEORGES (MICHAEL HORDERN), NINA (CORAL BROWNE) AND ADOLPHE (JAMES HAYTER).

reminded of the phrase in "Troilus":

"And, with a palsy fumbling on his gorget, shake[s] in and out the rivet." The night does not recover until its final thirty minutes or so, when Gielgud, in the crown of weeds, engages Gloucester in that terrible colloquy; when he wakes



"IT IS A FEATHER-SLIGHT PIECE, BUT PLEASANT ON A SUMMER EVENING": "NINA," SHOWING A SCENE FROM ACT II, WITH INSPECTOR OF POLICE (LOCKWOOD WEST); GEORGES (MICHAEL HORDERN) AND (PARTIALLY COVERED BY THE BEDCLOTHES) ADOLPHE (JAMES HAYTER).

OUR CRITIC'S FIRST-NIGHT JOURNAL.

"KING LEAR" (Palace).—Alas, after its impeccable "Much Ado," the Stratford-upon-Avon "away" company offers one of the oddest revivals of "Lear" it has been our fate to meet. Shakespeare, smothered by the distractingly ugly sets and costumes of Isamu Noguchi, has not much chance, not even—for once—when Sir John Gielgud is speaking, though actor and dramatist do come to terms in a last half-hour that makes one grieve for the previous waste. It is not, I fear, a production that can add to the fame of designer, actor, director, or Memorial Theatre. (July 26.)

"NINA" (Haymarket).—André Roussin's cheerful little farce is acted with the right swiftness and spirit by Coral Browne (the perfect wife), Michael Hordern (the philanderer who, after all, does not reach Mexico, symbolic of freedom), and James Hayter (as the snuggest, gentlest husband, only half-heartedly homicidal). Not a masterpiece, but often good fun. And you need not worry about Nina's philosophising. (July 27.)

AT HOME AND ABROAD: A MISCELLANY OF NEWS IN PICTURES.



BELIEVED TO BE A WORLD RECORD LITTER: FOURTEEN WRINKLED FOUR-WEEK-OLD BOXER PUPPIES OWNED BY MR. AND MRS. E. W. BICKFORD, OF CHINGFORD, ESSEX. THEIR MOTHER, TWENTY-MONTH-OLD DEMON QUEEN, HAS BEEN FEEDING THEM IN RELAYS OF SEVEN AT A TIME.



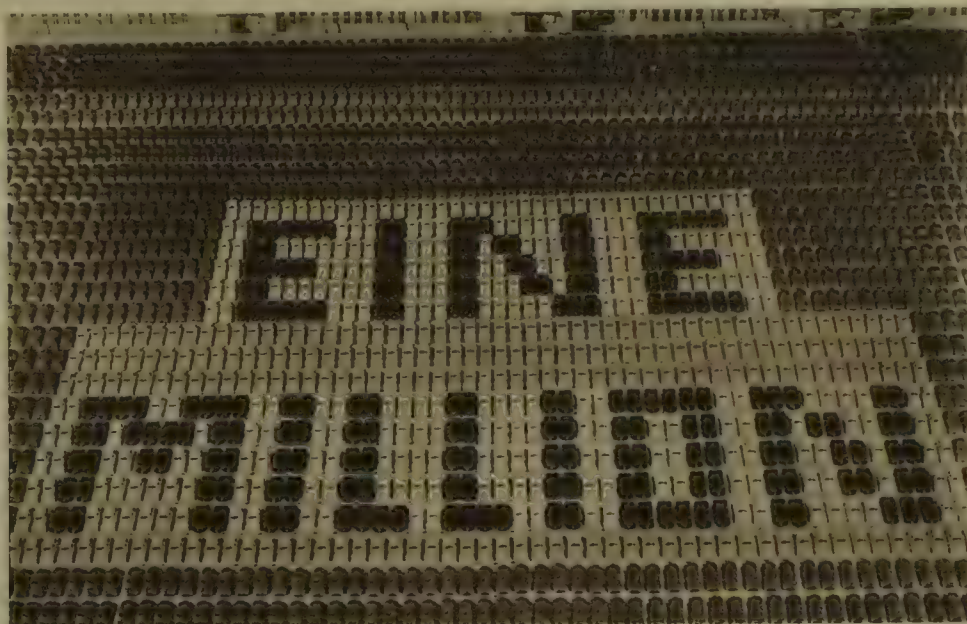
HOISTED IN POSITION IN A CAIRO SQUARE: THE COLOSSAL STATUE OF KING RAMESES II. WHICH WEIGHS SOME 70 TONS. After resting near the old capital of Memphis for more than 3000 years this huge granite statue of King Ramesis II. has been transported to Cairo, where it was recently hoisted into position in the redesigned square outside the railway station.



AN UNUSUAL PASSENGER: A WESTLAND S55 WHIRLWIND HELICOPTER BEING TAKEN ABOARD A BLACKBURN BEVERLEY TRANSPORT AIRCRAFT AT BOSCOMBE DOWN, IN WILTSHIRE. On August 4 a Blackburn Beverley military transport left the Ministry of Supply experimental establishment at Boscombe Down, in Wiltshire, carrying a Westland S 55 helicopter in its hold. The rotor blades, which were detached, were also carried in the aircraft. Both the helicopter and the air freighter were bound for North Africa to undergo tropical trials there.



ON PARADE AT QUITO: ECUADOR'S CRACK CADETS FROM THE MILITARY COLLEGE EL ALFAEO, TAKING PART IN A PARADE HELD IN HONOUR OF A VISIT BY THE PRESIDENT OF COLOMBIA, GENERAL GUSTAVO ROJAS PINILLA.



FORMING THE WORDS "EINE MILLION": GERMAN VOLKSWAGENS IN A MASS DISPLAY AT THE WOLFSBURG WORKS, WHERE THE MILLIONTH HAS LEFT THE FACTORY. The millionth Volkswagen rolled off the production line at the Volkswagen Works at Wolfsburg, in Germany, on August 5. Of these million cars made since 1946, some 400,000 have been exported.

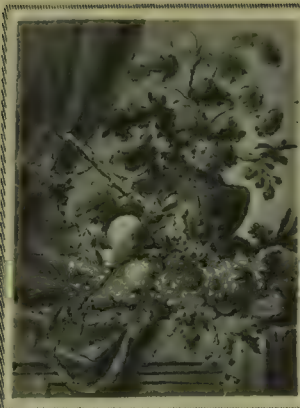


AN AMERICAN WHO BEAT SCOTS DANCERS IN EDINBURGH: MISS MARGARET CALLANDER. Miss M. Callander, an American on holiday in Scotland, beat competitors from Edinburgh, Glasgow and Aberdeen in the Highland Fling Event at the International Festival of Dancing in Edinburgh, and was second in the overseas Dancing Championship.



EXCHANGING PENNANTS AND BOUQUETS AFTER THE MATCH IN MOSCOW: BILLY WRIGHT (LEFT), CAPTAIN OF THE WOLVERHAMPTON WANDERERS, AND NETTO, CAPTAIN OF THE VICTORIOUS SPARTAKS. Wolverhampton Wanderers, English Football League runners-up last season, were beaten 3-0 by the Moscow Spartak Football team in the Dynamo Stadium on August 7 before a crowd of 80,000 in the first of the two matches arranged during their Russian visit. They were due to meet Moscow Spartaks on August 12. The match against the Spartaks was televised at the reception given by Marshal Bulganin to Ambassadors and Heads of Foreign Missions at his country house.

IN AN ENGLISH GARDEN.



DURING this last week of July (the time of writing) a number of plants which I collected in Chile twenty-odd years ago—and several that I didn't—are making

themselves so conspicuously felt in my garden that it might well be called "Chile Week."

By far the most dramatic event is the flowering of *Puya alpestris*. My specimen has been living in a 15-in. pot for a dozen or more years, and this is its fourth or fifth time of flowering. Three years ago it produced three flower spikes. In case you do not know this astonishing plant, I would suggest that roughly, and quite unbotanically, it looks like something somewhere between a yucca and pineapple-top, seen in a sinister but not wholly unpleasant dream. It forms a compact cluster of leaf rosettes which suggest pineapple-tops, with longer, narrower leaves, armed with curved, needle-sharp thorns. From time to time one of these rosettes will decide to flower, and this depends largely upon the supply of nourishment the plant has received. Having flowered, the rosette dies, as with a silver saxifrage. But there are always other rosettes coming on to flower in future years. The flower spike begins to push up in late spring or early summer, and as the weather grows warmer, it grows at a great pace, until it has reached a height of about 3 ft., with a flower spike some 20 ins. long. On the plant flowering here now, there are eight side branches growing outwards and upwards from the spike's central stem, each of them carrying about a dozen blossoms, and the spike then ends with a terminal flowering shoot like the side branches. Each blossom is composed of three apple-green sepals, enclosing three overlapping petals, which form a deep cup, brimful of nectar, which spills when the spike is shaken. Each blossom is about as large as the top half of one's thumb, and rising up out of the cupful of nectar is a brilliant emerald stigma, surrounded by a cluster of orange anthers. But the petals! How can one describe their colour? I could, of course, fall back on the official colour chart, and offer you figures and symbols looking like something out of "Bradshaw," whereas the flowers of my *Puya*, waxy in texture and with a satin sheen, are of an almost indescribable blue-green, sinister, perhaps criminal, yet strangely fascinating. Unfortunately, *Puya alpestris* is not generally hardy in this country. It can be grown in the open air in the Scilly Isles, and in a few other equally mild districts. My own specimen used to spend its winters—poor wretch—in the coal-cellar. Last winter, for a treat, I promoted it to a basement larder which was originally a dairy; and from there in spring it emerged dusty, but less grimy than from the coal-cellar. During the whole time of its imprisonment—early October till mid-May—it gets no water. Not a drop. A patient, long-suffering, unresentful plant, always as good as gold. No trouble at all. But it has the reward—after six months' solitary confinement in the larder—of six months in the open air, with all of any sunshine that may be going, and frequent, copious draughts of nourishing liquid refreshment. It has its reward, too, in the years when it decides to flower. The mixture of astonished wonder and admiration that pours from all who come to see it, then, would flatter even the most haughty and exalted *Cattleya* that ever went to Chelsea.

But by far the most-delightfully genuine tribute that I ever saw *Puya alpestris* receive was when I first exhibited it, in flower, at a Chelsea Show in 1936. A young couple came drifting along with the dense, perspiring tide of folk in the big tent, stunned and bemused by the overwhelming floral splendour. When they came to *Puya* they halted and froze. She gripped him by the arm, goggled, pointed and gasped: "Coo lummy!" It is, in truth, a coo-lummy plant. Quite outstandingly coo-lummyish.

CHILE WEEK.

By CLARENCE ELLIOTT, V.M.H.

It was a great moment when I came upon a small colony of *Puya alpestris* on a hillside in the neighbourhood of Concepcion, in South Chile. I dug five small plants, potted them, and succeeded in nursing them

home to England—alive. Later, I secured seeds from one of my plants and raised many seedlings for distribution. Seeds are the only practical means of propa-

gating this species. Side rosettes might perhaps be detached and rooted, but in view of those terrible hooked thorns, it would be a risky, and certainly a blood-spilling operation.

Puya alpestris was undoubtedly the most dramatic, sensational and coo-lummyish plant that I collected in Chile. On the other hand, the two alstroemerias, *A. ligtu* and *A. haemantha*, were the most beautiful, and potentially the most valuable plants for general garden purposes that I got. I collected seeds of the clear rose-pink *A. ligtu* at an altitude of about 9000 ft. in the neighbourhood of Rio Blanco, on the trans-Andean rail and road route. H. Comber had sent home this same species a year or too earlier from the Argentine side of the Andes. Later, I came upon the orange-red *Alstroemeria haemantha* on a hillside not many miles from Santiago. The introduction of this latter species was especially important, as its mating with *A. ligtu* led to the present-day race of *A. ligtu* hybrids, which range through endless tones and shades of orange and orange-red, rose pink, apricot and flesh pink; in fact, all the colours to be found in a collection of the loveliest hybrid azaleas. Two great beds of these "Peruvian Lilies" have been celebrating "Chile Week" here during the last week or two. As a display of sumptuous colour in the garden, and as cut-flowers, these *Ligtu* hybrids are superb, and once established they carry on for ever more. But one can not start them as easily as one would start, say, Michaelmas daisies or day lilies. They must be started young, and the young tubers are terribly brittle, fragile things. The two best methods are either to raise the seeds in a pan, and plant them out most carefully in a prepared bed when their first leaves are an inch or so high. That was how I started my two beds. A week or so after I had planted the babes out, they all went to earth. Their leaves withered, and for all one knew they might have been dead. From then until next spring it was a case for implicit faith—and faith was rewarded. In due course every seedling reappeared, and a few of them flowered—in a small way. The following year they flowered quite freely, and from then on they have flowered with quite astonishing magnificence. In addition to raising seedlings in a pan at home, it is possible to buy young seedlings grown specially in small pots, and these, planted out whilst still in growth in summer, 9 ins. to a foot apart, are very satisfactory.

It occurs to me, however, that it should be possible to start a bed of these *Ligtu* hybrid alstroemerias by sowing the seeds *in situ*, where they are to flower. I have not actually done this, but to anyone wishing to try the experiment, I would suggest preparing the bed by digging the soil thoroughly, and then reducing it to a fine tilth. Then the seed could be sown thinly in drills about a foot apart. It would almost certainly help and hasten germination of the seeds if the drills were given clothes until the youngsters were well up; after this, protection could be removed and the seedlings left well alone, except for weeding. A good time to start a *Ligtu* bed in this way would be late May. The bed should be in full sun, and any reasonable garden loam will do. A bed not wider than 3 or 4 ft. is the most convenient, but it may be just as large as you wish. The larger the better. Once planted, a bed of *A. ligtu* hybrids should never be disturbed. The tubers go very deep into the soil and are most difficult to transplant.

In writing about my most dramatic Chilean plant and the most beautiful, I have crowded out several other good species which are now celebrating "Chile Week" in my garden.

They must stand down for another occasion. Next week, perhaps.



A FLOWERING SPIKE OF *PUYA ALPESTRIS*. THE STEM IS ABOUT 3 FT. LONG AND EACH BLOSSOM HAS AN EMERALD STIGMA SURROUNDED BY A CLUSTER OF ORANGE ANTHERS AND IS BRIMFUL OF NECTAR. THE WAXY FLOWERS "ARE OF AN ALMOST INDESCRIBABLE BLUE-GREEN, SINISTER, PERHAPS CRIMINAL, YET STRANGELY FASCINATING."

Photograph by R. A. Malby and Co.



WITH THE VARIOUS GREYS, GREENS AND MIXED DARK TONES OF THE SHRUB BORDER TO SERVE AS A FOIL TO THE BRILLIANT "AZALEA" COLOURS OF THEIR BLOSSOMS: ESTABLISHED *ALSTROEMERIA LIGHTU* HYBRIDS. [Photograph by J. E. Downward.]

RESTORED AND TO BE OPENED ON SEPTEMBER 21:
WASHINGTON OLD HALL, CRADLE OF THE FAMILY.



LOOKING UP THE FINE OLD WOODEN STAIRCASE: A VIEW OF THE INTERIOR OF WASHINGTON OLD HALL, FORMER HOME, IN COUNTY DURHAM, OF GEORGE WASHINGTON'S FORBEARS.

THE extensive restoration of Washington Old Hall, original home of the Washington (originally Wessyn-ton) family in County Durham, was begun in 1951, and the old man-sion, then a mere ruinous shell, sur-rounded by a tangled thicket which appeared as impenetrable as that which enclosed the castle of the Sleeping Beauty, has been recon-ditioned; and is to be opened by H.E. the American Ambassador, Mr. Winthrop Aldrich, on September 21, for use as a com-munity centre. This proposal for employing the re-stored mansion is supported by the Washington Urban District Council and by the Ameri-cans, who have con-tributed to the cost of restoration. There are, of course, other houses

[Continued below, left.]



NOW APPROACHED BY A FLIGHT OF NEW STONE STEPS: THE EXTERIOR OF WASHINGTON OLD HALL, WHICH THE AMERICAN AMBASSADOR WILL OPEN ON SEPTEMBER 21.



SHOWING THE TURNING-SPIT ABOVE, FOR ROASTING MEAT: THE HUGE FIREPLACE, DATING FROM THE SIXTEENTH-CENTURY, IN WASHINGTON OLD HALL.



TWO OF THE WINDOWS IN THE HALL: ON THE LEFT IS A FOURTEENTH-CENTURY WINDOW, AND THE DEEP AND NARROW APERTURE ON THE RIGHT DATES FROM THE TWELFTH CENTURY.



WITH A HEAVILY OAK-BEAMED CEILING: ONE OF THE LARGE UPPER ROOMS IN THE RESTORED WASHINGTON OLD HALL, TO BE USED AS A COMMUNITY CENTRE.

Continued.] in this country connected with the family of George Washington, notably Sulgrave Manor, which contains many relics of the President, but Washington Old Hall is actually the cradle of the race. When William de Hertburn bought the place in 1183 he changed his name to Wessyn-ton (later Washington) and his descendants and relatives occupied it until 1613. In our issue of January 20, 1951, when the project of preserving this interesting old mansion was instituted, we published



A FEATURE OF THE HALL: THE FOURTEENTH-CENTURY STONE DOORWAY. BEFORE THE RESTORATION WORK COMMENCED IN 1951, THE BUILDING WAS A RUINOUS SHELL.

photographs showing the derelict state into which it had been allowed to fall. The restoration has cost more than £7500; and on January last the National Trust informed the Washington Urban Council that they would be willing to take over the Hall provided that the Council undertook a ninety-nine-year repairing lease when the restoration had been completed. The present seventeenth-century structure stands on the site of the older house, portions of which have been found.

NOTES FOR THE NOVEL-READER.

THE NOVEL OF THE WEEK.

THERE are times when the most hardened novel-reader sighs for a complete change: and when all novels, even the most "experimental" and original, strike him as very much of a kind. And yet, "deep down" (as the introspective are apt to say in fiction), he may prefer them like that. For we have also an instinctive disgust of change; otherwise novels from abroad would be more popular. Whereas, in fact, they are a bad risk; the only bright spots are America, which is in a class by itself, and France, which proves the rule. We read French fiction not—as the culture-pundits make out—for its intrinsic superiority, but because we have the habit of reading it. Meanwhile, there are untapped sources elsewhere—up in the north, for instance. But we fight shy of them, because they are untapped, and have no æsthetic prestige, and have a funny taste. All Scandinavian fiction—or at least Swedish fiction—has a funny taste; and "The Road," by Harry Martinson (Cape; 15s.), is not only Swedish but freakish. But an absorbing freak: a real, rare chance to get away from it all—which, incidentally, is what the book is about. It might have been called "The Evolution of a Super-Tramp."

Critical introductions to new novels are impertinent. This is a different case; and it is interesting to be told that the now-famous author grew up as a super-tramp—an orphan of America, dumped on the parish at a time when half Sweden had "emigration fever." He seems to have been always running away, and to have practised as a rolling-stone and jack-of-all trades in at least three continents. Much of "The Road" is autobiography transmuted. It is a poet's work, which we could have guessed; and it was about ten years on the stocks, in bits and pieces, which explains a good deal. For instance, the "cigar-Spanish" fantasia by way of prologue. The year is 1898. Bolle, the hero, is a sad little cigar-maker. His love is scorned; his craft is rapidly becoming obsolete; his dream is the "America boat." And if he can't get to America, he will go walk-about, like other "displaced craftsmen." . . . When next we meet him he has been a vagrant for years. So tobacco was not crucial; the whole minute, exuberant tobacco-prelude is a thing in itself. But it provides a superb opening: unrivalled in bravura, typical in its blend of free imagination and hard knowledge. Bolle's is not a "gay adventure," or any nonsense like that. It is a life poisoned by fear—the tramp's "exaggerated fear of people being exaggeratedly afraid of him." Home-dwellers are ready to panic about everything, from rape to foot-and-mouth disease. A shy, debilitated little tramp, cringing in the doorway like a wet dog, sees with despair that he has the effect of a Bengal tiger. . .

But "The Road" is not a treatise on vagrancy. It is a lyrical fantasy, a web of anecdotes, a symposium of tramp-philosophers and, one might add, the life-story of a resistance hero. For Bolle and his friends are a resistance movement of individualism.

OTHER FICTION.

"The Good Shepherd," by C. S. Forester (Michael Joseph; 22s. 6d.), embodies just the opposite code. The group interest is everything; value means value for the group, while moral worth is devotion to the group. That is the only sense they can have, aboard an Allied convoy crossing the Atlantic in time of war. And Commander George Krause, U.S.N., has, in that sense, a perfect character. He is a Lutheran minister's son, a naïve Christian, an unswerving Puritan. His will to duty is as constant as the nose on his face. He has observed—since it was his duty to observe—that other people's may be variable, and can make allowances for this oddity; but for his own vile works, his inexcusable predicament of being mere flesh and blood, he has no mercy whatever. Krause will be at full stretch till he drops, and his decisions will be selflessly objective to the last gasp. So much for virtue; but when it comes to value, the prognosis is more dubious. In peacetime, his career had reached a dead end. In war he is untried, while the three junior escort captains—Polish, Canadian and English—have been at it for years. And they are allies, so he has a further duty to promote allied harmony. . .

This is a full-scale record of the vital period: more than two days, in unrelenting battle with a pack of submarines. For hours on end, Krause has not a moment to finish dressing. After two days, the fearful dereliction of taking his shoes off is ecstatic agony. And he comes through—exhausted, vindicated, joyless. This tale is not another "Ship"; the action is too uniform, Krause, though admirable and pathetic, is too glum, and there are no supporting characters. But it is wonderful at both ends.

"The Rigoville Match," by David E. Walker (Chapman and Hall; 10s. 6d.), is an engaging bit of fun about a Norman count with Anglomania, a stunning taste in plus-fours, and a small, fragile-looking daughter of infinite pertinacity. This she now brings to bear on the creation of a girls' hockey team in the village. They can start off against a British Embassy team; and as Ronnie Simpkin is about to be pushed into Unesco on a fortnight's trial, he can attend to that part. . . . Ronnie, however, is a saboteur. Already, he has possessed the village with an idea of female factions begin; objections, moral, political and international, spring up on all sides; even the Count, even the English diplomats recoil. And Mrs. Lappiter, the local American, is uncontrollably resolved to substitute a team from the American Embassy: which will enrage the Count, and make the international situation a thousand times worse. But it all ends in peace and triumph.

"Cake in the Hat Box," by Arthur Upfield (Heinemann; 10s. 6d.), once more presents Napoleon Bonaparte, the quarter-abo—who has been dumped by engine-trouble in the tiny settlement of Agar's Lagoon. Just then, but far out in the wilds, a transport driver finds the local policeman shot dead in his jeep. His native tracker has disappeared, and is the obvious suspect. Bony explodes this theory. Bony's one fault is that he "never fails to finalise an investigation." Apart from that, he is a nice little man; and the circumstances of this case—the strange, wild country, the local manners and the evidence from "smokes" and tracks—are right up his street.

CHESS NOTES.

By BARUCH H. WOOD, M.Sc.

YOU either love practical jokes or loathe them. I recall a few with relish. One, for instance, which I brought off at the age of eight. An elderly aunt of mine, who was staying with us, had a horror of spiders and similar crawling insects. I suspended several pieces of string soaked in water above our staircase, so that, as she ascended to retire for the night, they caressed her forehead clammily. Her shrieks shook the rafters. Throughout the severe punishment which ensued, I was sustained by a subdued rapture that I had gauged so accurately the length of string required.

The same old lady always had a glass of water at her bedside. Once I surreptitiously filled the glass to the verge of overflowing, so that, picking it up sleepily in the early hours, she suddenly found herself very wide-awake and very wet. Artistic in its simplicity, this idea, I thought. Why she suspected me at once, I never understood. It could so easily have been her own clumsiness. But she did.

In the field of really complex jokes, the Americans excel. It was at an American degree convocation that the organist's opening bars were marred by the intrusion of a weird false note, a "sort of bray." The third or fourth time this happened he called loudly for help, whereupon a squad of labouring types marched in. They tested several of the pipes, settled on one of them (in all appearance identical with the rest) and started to hack at it with hatchets and road picks; eventually it crashed down on to the stage, smashing to bits and pouring forth a bevy of live ducks which fluttered, quacking among the assembled professors and students.

Practical jokes are not unknown in chess. The great Akiba Rubinstein had one weakness; he invariably played the queen's pawn opening. At the opening of one important tournament, the speeches over, he was called on to make a ceremonial first move. Burgomeisters, fellow-players, spectators watched in expectant silence. He made to lift up his queen's pawn; but somebody had glued it to the board.

In more than one locality, a certain type of gullible individual has lent himself to a number of standard types of chessic leg-pulls.

One poor fellow in Paris, shortsighted as well as muddle-headed, is constantly being encouraged to get a pawn on to the seventh rank. Only one more move to queening! At this stage, somebody surreptitiously slides another board underneath the one in use, leaving one rank protruding on his opponent's side. When, next move, he advances his pawn to what he thinks is the queening square, it is only to find to his chagrin that another row of squares has mysteriously appeared beyond. Next move, he again seizes and advances his pawn. Now at last . . . ! But no, it is not quite there, even yet. And so it goes on, all those not helpless through laughter toiling hard to maintain, by vociferous advice, the victim's confusion.

The late Mr. Melly was a very bad player indeed, but his friends one night, by the most determined efforts, managed to lose every game they played against him. "My word, you are in devastating form!" they cried. "You must come down to the Cobden to-morrow evening and tackle X . . . , the new champion." Needless to say X . . . had been thoroughly briefed and was duly beaten, exhibiting every sign of peevish discomfiture. Mr. Melly began to think himself a very fine player. His illusion was assiduously fostered in the weeks that followed, the climax being a monster display in which Mr. Melly took on practically all of the strongest players throughout the Midlands, including at least one ex-British champion and, amid frenzied applause and assisted by gargantuan efforts on their part, beat the lot. All this might rather recall the idiot-baiting of the Middle Ages, but I understand there was never any cruelty in it. It put every chess player in the district into a thoroughly good humour and filled Mr. Melly's declining years with exaltation. That Lasker, Capablanca and Alekhine ignored his persistent written challenges to a match never caused him a moment's disquiet; clearly, they were all scared of him.

AUTOBIOGRAPHY, ATOMS—AND "THE ELEGY."

AUTOBIOGRAPHY, I have sometimes observed with pain, tends to bring out the worst in people. Even the most gifted, sincere and virtuous find it difficult to contemplate themselves with detachment. Sound judgment, severe self-criticism, a merry sense of humour, all these, and many other admirable qualities, are to be found in autobiographies, but there is nearly always something mannered, some conscious or unconscious distortion, which betrays to the reader the writer's own uneasiness with his or her theme.

It is, in particular, almost impossible to see one's childhood through a glass clearly. That is one of the reasons why Mr. Richard Church's "Over the Bridge" (Heinemann; 18s.) is such a remarkable work. He calls it an "essay in autobiography," and the modesty of this title is to some extent justified. The book lacks construction, but you cannot devise an elaborate framework for the memories of your first seventeen years. You either possess those memories or you do not, and you must do your best with what you have got. Mr. Church has a phenomenal memory, and can think himself back into a situation until every detail, every emotion, stands out as clearly as a hair-spring under a watchmaker's glass. He was born into a lower-middle class family at the turn of the century, living first at Battersea and then at Dulwich. His father was a Post Office worker with a passion for bicycles. His adored mother was a school teacher. But what, for me, makes this book quite outstanding is Mr. Church's account of his relations with his elder brother Jack. The first chapter shows the two brothers carefully carrying a goldfish aquarium over Battersea Bridge on January 1, 1900. By the time they have reached the end of their walk—a perilous adventure, with an incident of fury and violence to remind us that Dickens's London lay in the not too remote past—we know every trait in the character of each of the two children, and each facet of their close relationship. It is a beautiful and moving *tour de force*, and the rest of the book is well up to this standard.

One could have no greater contrast to Mr. Church's subtle reminiscence of the moods and incidents of childhood than Dr. O. G. S. Crawford's "Said and Done" (Weidenfeld and Nicolson; 21s.), the autobiography of an archaeologist. This book is vigorous, factual—and completely extroverted. Dr. Crawford was excavating with Wellcome in the Sudan at the outbreak of the 1914-18 war, in which he served throughout, first in the trenches and then in the R.F.C., being taken prisoner early in 1918. His escape and recapture make quite as exciting reading as those of his successors in the Second World War. Readers whose soul is not in archaeology may find parts of his book rather dull, but they should resist the temptation to skip, for there are bits which it would be a pity to miss.

I particularly enjoyed Dr. Crawford's comment on his change of school at Oxford in 1909: "Going from Greats to Geography was like leaving the parlour for the basement; one lost caste but one did see life." I should conjecture that after this book had been written some well-intentioned friend complained to the author that he had not given his readers enough personal details about his own tastes and views. In consequence, he has crowded most of this information into a final chapter, which reads like a very long form filled in for some more than usually impertinent passport authorities. I cannot think the device a happy one.

Before opening Mr. R. W. Ketton-Cremer's biography of Thomas Gray, I sought, in my rather unreliable memory, for what I already knew about the great eighteenth-century poet. There was, of course, the "Elegy." There was the Pindaric Ode which once won me a prize for recitation, and which I still know in its not very exciting entirety by heart. There was also something about a cat called *Selima*, who was drowned in a bowl of goldfish, and something else about a distant prospect of Eton College. Finally, I remembered, with an effort, that Dr. Johnson had described Gray as dull. Then I settled down to see whether Mr. Ketton-Cremer could efface the impression left by the somewhat partial Doctor.

It was an agreeable surprise to find that he could, and did, but I am left with the feeling that this was due as much to the author's skilful handling of his subject as to that subject himself. Yet Gray was the intimate friend of Horace Walpole, who had little time for bores. Nothing could be more delicate than Mr. Ketton-Cremer's handling of Gray's neurotic melancholia, and particularly of the ageing professor-poet's partiality for a lively young Swiss undergraduate called Bonstetten. I was glad to learn that Gray "promptly and firmly" refused the Poet Laureateship, when it was offered to him in 1757, and that he got his own back on Dr. Johnson by christening him *Ursa Major*, the Great Bear. But I shall still be inclined to think of Gray as *Elegy et præterea nihil*.

Laura Fermi's lively account of her life with her husband Enrico has convinced me of something which I should never have thought possible—that an atomic scientist can be a human being. Her book is entitled "Atoms in the Family" (George Allen and Unwin; 18s.), which makes it sound as though atoms were some kind of distressing hereditary taint. Indeed, one might well be justified in believing of the atom, as Belloc assures us of the scorpion, that it is "a most unpleasant brute to find in bed at night!" Her attitude to atoms resembles that of Mr. Thurber to electricity: "I know nothing about electricity—and I don't want anyone to tell me."

It is true that the book contains sentences like this: "It seemed probable that it [element 94] would be as fissionable as the most fissionable of uranium isotopes"—thus proving that if atoms are not exactly like measles, they are, to a certain extent, catching—but let the reader shut his eyes and carry on. It will be well worth while.

A final word of praise for "Britain," the 1955 edition of the official handbook (H.M.S.O.; 10s.). This publication gets more interesting and informative every year.

E. D. O'BRIEN.



IN order to entertain the world, the J. Arthur Rank Organisation makes the world its location.

It may be the jungles of Ceylon, the shores of the Italian lakes, or the South Seas.

Recently it was the Mediterranean—when a Rank Group film unit sailed to Athens and Alexandria to shoot scenes for *DOCTOR AT SEA*, produced by the team who made the record-breaking *DOCTOR IN THE HOUSE*.

ACROSS THE FRONTIERS

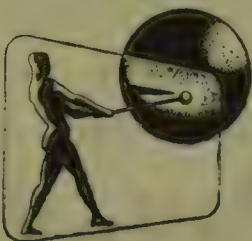
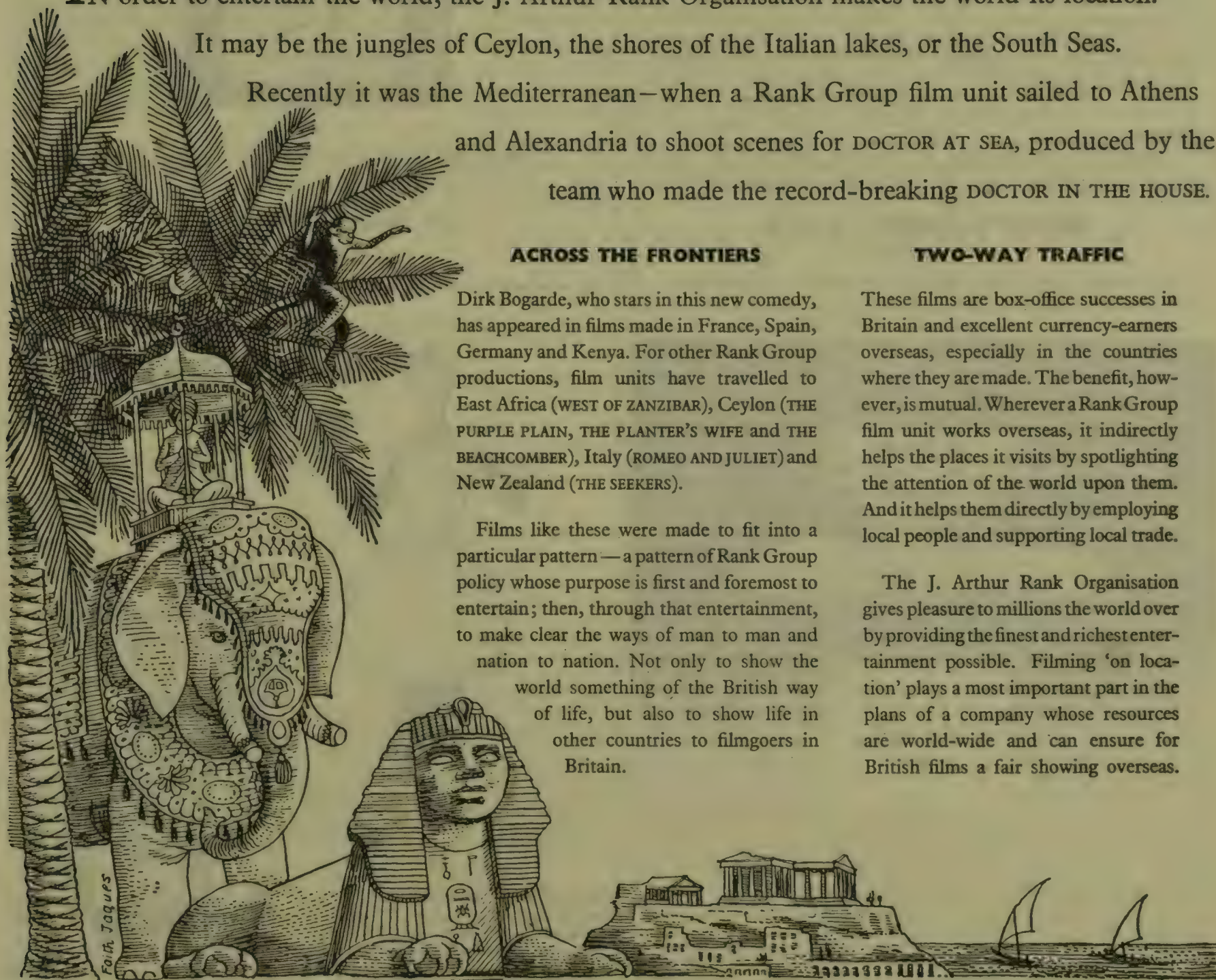
Dirk Bogarde, who stars in this new comedy, has appeared in films made in France, Spain, Germany and Kenya. For other Rank Group productions, film units have travelled to East Africa (*WEST OF ZANZIBAR*), Ceylon (*THE PURPLE PLAIN*, *THE PLANTER'S WIFE* and *THE BEACHCOMBER*), Italy (*ROMEO AND JULIET*) and New Zealand (*THE SEEKERS*).

Films like these were made to fit into a particular pattern—a pattern of Rank Group policy whose purpose is first and foremost to entertain; then, through that entertainment, to make clear the ways of man to man and nation to nation. Not only to show the world something of the British way of life, but also to show life in other countries to filmgoers in Britain.

TWO-WAY TRAFFIC

These films are box-office successes in Britain and excellent currency-earners overseas, especially in the countries where they are made. The benefit, however, is mutual. Wherever a Rank Group film unit works overseas, it indirectly helps the places it visits by spotlighting the attention of the world upon them. And it helps them directly by employing local people and supporting local trade.

The J. Arthur Rank Organisation gives pleasure to millions the world over by providing the finest and richest entertainment possible. Filming 'on location' plays a most important part in the plans of a company whose resources are world-wide and can ensure for British films a fair showing overseas.



THE J. ARTHUR RANK ORGANISATION LIMITED



HOME JAMES!

"Tell me, Henry, what d'you think of my new bus?"

"Fine performance, James. A car ahead of its time. We've touched four miles an hour in top and held it for a hundred yards."

"You've no imagination, Henry—"

"—but the memory of an elephant. I recall you offered me a gin and

Rose's Lime Juice three streets ago."

"Patience, my friend. When we get home I'll give you a drink I've christened Traveler's Joy. Two-thirds gin, one-third lime juice and a good splash of soda. Long and strong."

"A cheering thought, James, but I wish you'd bought a helicopter."

ROSE'S LIME JUICE

for Gin and Lime

SHORT DRINK : $\frac{2}{3}$ Gin, $\frac{1}{3}$ Rose's Lime Juice LONG DRINK : Fill up with soda



A gracious welcome to your guests

20/- bottle • 10/6 half-bottle

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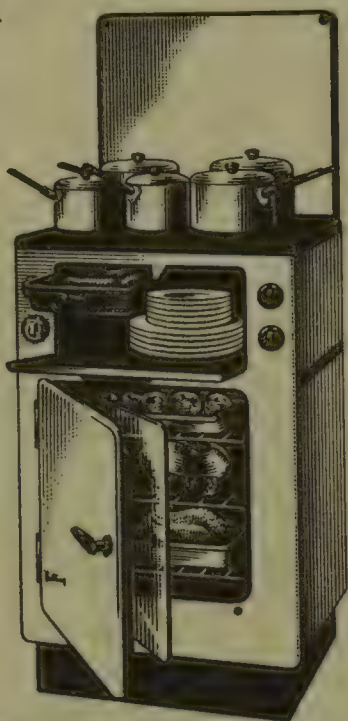
N° 5 - GARDENIA - CUIR DE RUSSIE - N° 22 - BOIS DES ÎLES



THE MOST TREASURED NAME IN PERFUME

CHANEL

FLOODLIT VISIBLE COOKING



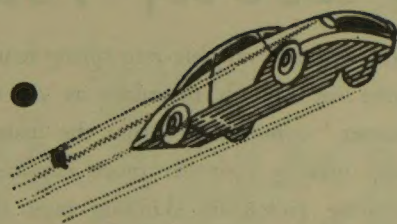
The Belling "Streamline" is superb both in appearance and performance. It has a full-size inner glass door which takes all the guesswork out of cooking. Moreover, the oven is automatically floodlit when the outer door is open so that you really can see what's cooking! Automatic oven control. Extra large oven—clear cooking space 15" w. x 13" d. x 16" h. Automatic simmering controls on grill boiler and 2 boiling plates. Fold-down hob cover forms useful table top. Available on wheels for easy cleaning 60/- extra. And it costs only **£52 . 10 . 0**

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The new National Benzole Mixture adds the known great benefits of Benzole to a new high-aromatic petrol drawn from the most modern refineries in Great Britain. Aromatics are the key substances in motor spirits—responsible for high anti-knock rating, smooth burning, and maximum mileage per gallon.

To this new base petrol is added Benzole which is 100% aromatics. The result is a fuel with double the aromatic content of ordinary premium motor spirits. This new high-aromatic National Benzole Mixture, with its remarkable anti-knock rating, its greater energy content—giving maximum miles per gallon—plus Benzole's long-established startability, meets every requirement of the modern car. It is the most modern of all motor spirits.

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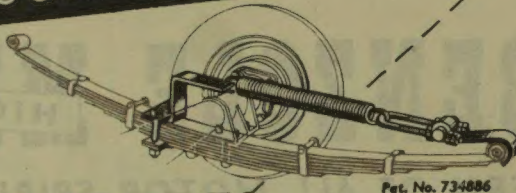
The 'Ridemaster' variable-rate spring control is just as much at home on smooth macadam as on rough tracks. The 'Ridemaster' comes into action the instant your road springs deflect, making your car more comfortable to ride in, safer to drive (scientific skidding tests show it gives greater safety on greasy surfaces).

By minimising tyre squeal the 'Ridemaster' makes for longer tyre life, while the powerful action of the coil spring protects shock-absorbers and chassis from accidental damage. The 'Ridemaster' is simple to fit and requires no maintenance. It is adjustable to your own requirements. Prices from £4.15.0 per set.



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write for brochure R.2,
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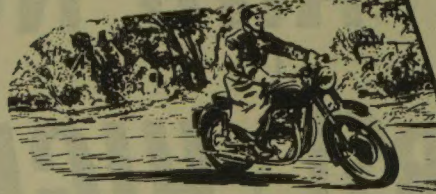


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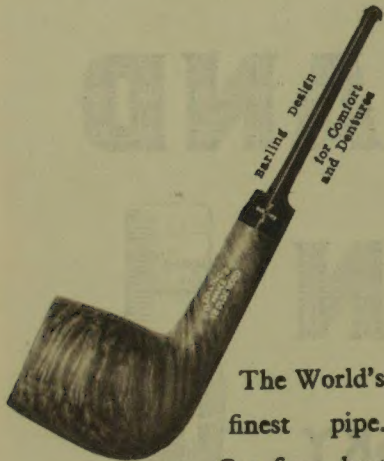
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80% Less Engine Wear

with new BP Special Energol

'VISCO-STATIC' MOTOR OIL

It guards against the dangerous 5 minutes every time you start

MOTORISTS all over Britain are talking about the wonderful new motor oil—BP Special Energol 'VISCO-STATIC'. It saves 80% of engine wear. This has been proved by the new radio-active wear detector which actually measures wear while the engine is running. BP Special Energol also cuts petrol consumption by up to 12%, and gives you easier starting than you have ever known. These are claims no car owner can ignore. What is so different about this new oil? How does it work? Here are the answers.

The dangerous 5 minutes

For 5 minutes after every cold start any engine lubricated with conventional oil *suffers more wear than in about 6 hours steady running*. The reason is that conventional oils are too thick when cold to give immediate lubrication and a full flow of oil to the cylinders. So the engine runs virtually dry just when it needs oil most of all.

BP Special Energol prevents this heavy starting wear in two ways. First, it flows so easily when cold that it gives full oil circulation the moment the engine starts. Second, it guards against corrosion while the engine is not running.

Amazing new property

Instantaneous oil circulation with BP Special Energol is the result of an amazing new property. This oil is as thin when cold as the thinnest winter oil you can buy. Yet it is as thick when hot as are the grades normally recommended for summer use, at the same temperature.

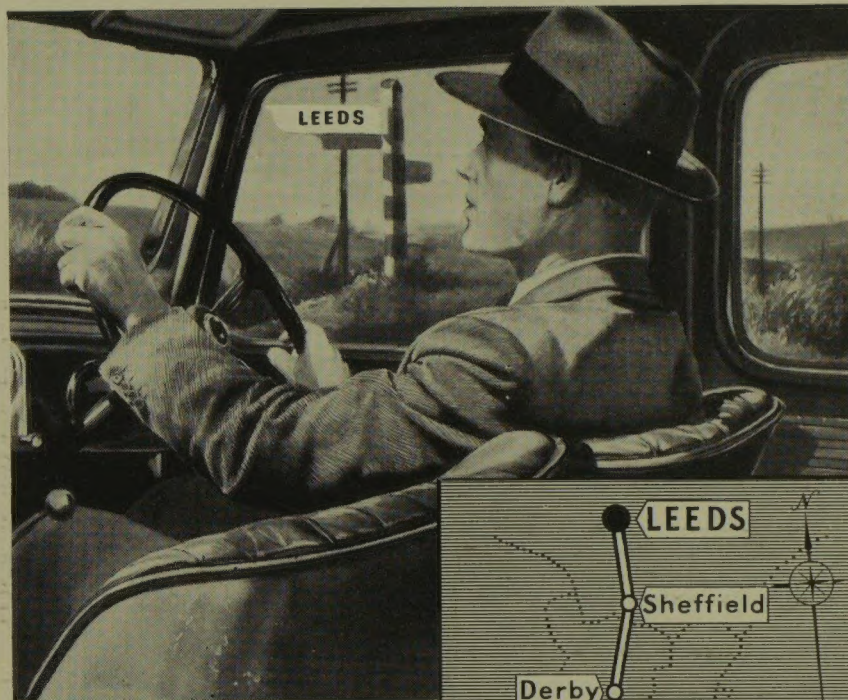
Here at last is an oil that not only lubricates completely in freezing cold but also gives complete protection in summer heat and hard running conditions. This is why BP Special Energol reduces engine wear by 80%.

This new oil is for use all the year round, in all 4-stroke engines in good condition for which an oil from S.A.E.10W to S.A.E.40 is recommended. Now there is no need to change your grade of oil with change of season.

Saves

up to 12% on petrol

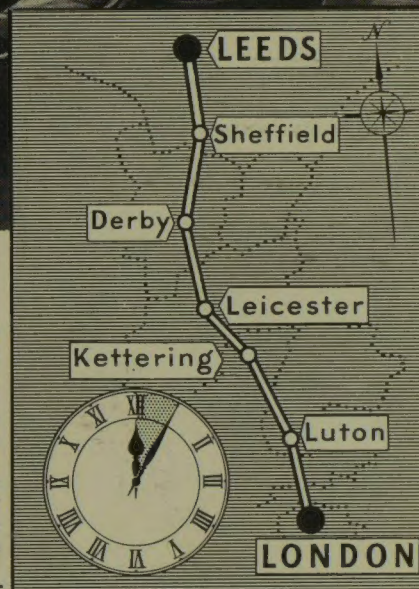
Because BP Special Energol reduces oil drag when the engine is warming up, you will find you need less choke. The reduction in oil drag and use of the choke will cut your petrol consumption. Saving can be as high as 12% in start and stop runs in towns. Even on average running you can expect at least 5% saving. This saving alone more than repays the extra cost of BP Special Energol.



London to Leeds

EVERY TIME YOU START

In the first 5 minutes after starting from cold any engine lubricated with conventional oil suffers more wear than in about 6 hours steady running — that is, more wear than on a non-stop run from London to Leeds! This is because conventional oil is too thick to reach vital parts at the top of the cylinder bores. Result — cylinder walls and piston rings are virtually dry and suffer severe wear. But BP Special Energol flows freely even in extreme cold. It gives full oil circulation from the moment the engine starts.



Striking improvement in starting

The first thing you notice when you change to BP Special Energol is a striking improvement in starting from cold. Once again it's because this new oil flows easily when cold. The engine springs to life immediately and runs as if it were already warmed up. Performance is noticeably livelier during the warming up period. And of course your battery is under less strain.

Only for engines in good condition

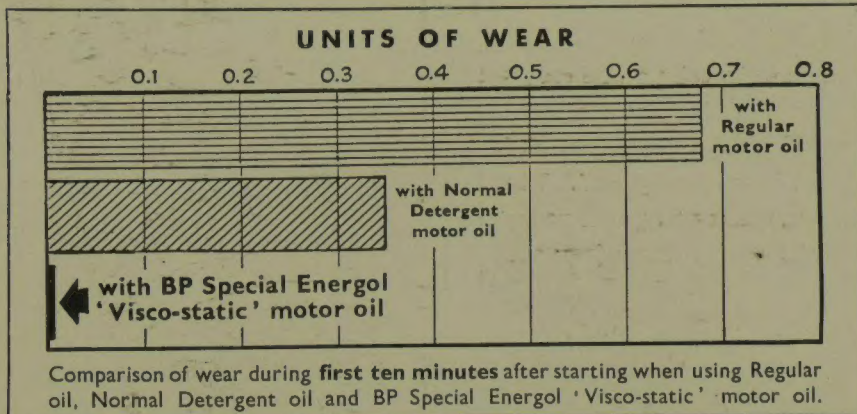
BP Special Energol is only for engines in good condition. If yours is worn and shortly in need of overhaul you will do best to use the recommended grade of normal

BP Energol. If in any doubt ask your garage manager.

How to change to BP Special Energol

Because BP Special Energol is a completely different kind of oil be sure to make a complete change-over. Do not top up your existing oil with BP Special Energol. Drain and refill with the new oil, run for 500 miles, then drain and refill again. From then on the oil should be changed at the normal change periods recommended for your engine.

Ask for BP Special Energol at garages where you see the BP Shield. This oil is coloured red for easy identification and sold only in sealed packages.



SPECIAL ENERGOL 'VISCO-STATIC' MOTOR OIL IS A PRODUCT OF THE BRITISH PETROLEUM COMPANY LIMITED

'Visco-static' is a trade-mark of The British Petroleum Company Limited

*Shell Nature Studies*EDITED BY
JAMES FISHER

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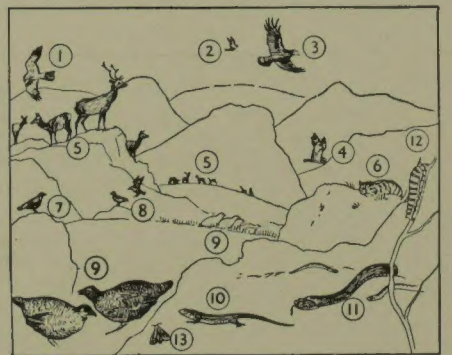
8

AUGUST Moors



Painted by Maurice Wilson in collaboration with Rowland Hilder.

MIST AND CLOUD, but the sun-warmed August air has brought the birds of prey on the wing to patrol the moor — the pipit-hunting hen-harrier (1) and merlin (2), the great bird of the Highlands — the hare-hunting golden eagle (3), the day-flying, vole-hunting short-eared owl (4). The red deer (5) still roam fairly high on the moor, the stags with the last tatters of 'velvet' on their antlers. From its rocky cairn a wild cat (6) watches — not the only grouse-hunter on the moors in August. Wheatear (7) and golden plover (8) feed busily before their autumn migration. A bilberry-eating family covey of red grouse (9) — the only bird exclusively indigenous to Britain — will keep their heads down until the birds of prey have passed. The common lizard (10) is the chief prey of the adder (11), the snake of the dry moors, whose part-grown young still seek their parents' protection. August heather supports the caterpillar of the emperor-moth (12); and the antler-moth (13) may fly in swarms.



Shell's monthly guide to wild flowers, which gave so many people pleasure last year, is being published in book form by Phoenix House Ltd. at 6/6

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*The key to the Countryside*